

Miscellaneous Pieces,

I N

PROSE AND VERSE,

By CHARLES GRAHAM,

OF PENRITH IN CUMBERLAND.

I · FALCON

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There, let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll. Thom.

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Miscellaneous Pieces,

P R O S E
P R O S E AND VERSE,

W H I T T I E R
CHARLES C. WHITTIER,

49.

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78.



P R E F A C E.

WHEN a person has once ventured to appear in a public character, and has submitted his thoughts to the inspection of the public eye; he must naturally suppose they will be examined with the strictest scrutiny; and if the least flaw or inaccuracy appear, even in the minutest circumstance, the whole will be censured with the greatest virulence and acrimony, by those formidable heroes the critics. But a true critic, (according to Mr. ADDISON's definition) is a man of a liberal mind, and of enlarged ideas, who makes it his business to point out the beauties of any performance, casting a modest shade over those slight imperfections, so incident to our nature. For

“ Who ever thinks a faultless piece to see,

“ Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”

The greatest authors have their imperfections; but they are only like the spots in the sun, which contribute to display in a conspicuous
a 2 light,

light, the splendor of the luminous body. In bodies more opaque, those spots would never have been discovered. To speak without a metaphor, imperfections in an author, do not prove him to be totally destitute of merit; nor ought his compositions to be indiscriminately condemned, because some parts of them betray that imperfection, which so emphatically marks human nature.

My motive for publishing, has already been anticipated in my former address to the public. — I would, by no means, have it understood that I offer these attempts as master-pieces of the kind; I am neither so vain nor so ignorant as to imagine it. My situation in life, necessarily precludes me from making use of those advantageous opportunities, so essentially requisite for those who aim at elegant, spirited, and accurate composition. Men of a speculative cast, who have studied the passions, are not to be told, that there are certain seasons, when a man may compose with ease and facility, what, at other periods, he could by no means compass. Those who are professional students, whose lives are solely dedicated to speculation and study, are not always prepared to write to advantage. Those persons therefore, who are fired with emulation to excel in literary composition seize those happy moments, when
the

P R E F A C E.

v

the mind is wrapt in a kind of enthusiasm, or strongly imprest with some favourite theme. When, (as MILTON says)

“ above th’ Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pagasean wing.”

It is then, and only then, that the writer can exert himself to advantage, or execute his subject either to his own, or the reader’s satisfaction; for, tho’ all men are not endued with the power of expressing their ideas in words; yet there are few, who are not capable of feeling, in some degree, the sentiments of a writer, who was himself actuated by those passions which he endeavours to excite in others. That I have been in a great measure, precluded from embracing opportunities of this kind, is well known to those who are particularly acquainted with my situation in life.

The following attempts were composed at those short intervals between labour and rest; which, in all probability, might otherwise have been less advantageously employed. The above considerations, may account for many of the pieces, being so very short. However, if they were as happily executed as many of them are well chosen, I should have some hopes of meeting with

approbation. If I fail in this, it will afford me some consolation, that my designs were laudable. If any should object, that some pieces are of too satirical a cast, I must here remark, that none of them are particularly pointed.

Vices, not persons, are the objects of my animadversion; the virtuous have nothing to fear from my pen, and if the reigning follies of the age appear ridiculous, when impartially displayed, blame the follies and not me.

Other pieces may be thought of too serious a nature; to which objection I answer, that when I almost daily see some of my fellow mortals removed from time to eternity, I cannot forbear being at times, rather serious.

Most of the poetical pieces were written on occasional subjects; and many of them about that period, when our unhappy contest with the colonies was at its greatest height; and have some allusion thereto. But I hope, none of my readers will take offence on these accounts. I have not endeavoured to enflame, but rather to allay, the baneful animosities. My remarks are of the pacific kind; being quite sensible that devastation and slaughter, are altogether incompatible with the christian name.

Some

Some of the prose pieces were addressed to the editors of the magazines ; and I have thought it better that they should now appear in that dress ; because I feared, that by moulding them into any other form, they would probably loose some of their force and spirit. The intelligent reader, will also observe, that others of my pieces have formerly been inserted in various periodical publications under fictitious signatures, and some, entirely anonymous. They are now, all collected into one point of view. Such as they are, they now appear. Had I been inclined to plagiarism, I should have given the public a much better collection, for I am a much better judge, than a fabricator, of ingenious composition. If I have happened to stumble upon a thought that some other writer has discussed with much more ingenuity, it was mere accident ; as I can safely aver, that I never attempted to copy the thoughts of others, but to be as much original as possible, tho' I should fall short in point of elegance.

In regard to the quantity of print and paper, I trust this collection will be found the cheapest book that ever was offered to the world by subscription. It contains more than many original publications of three times the price.

The

The execution of the printing part will, I hope, give satisfaction. The paper is not worse than I proposed; and the number of sheets are more than I expected. Some small errors of the press, are almost unavoidable; but where the obvious sense of the matter is understood, the candid reader will pardon those little inaccuracies, and not impute them to the author.

But, as this book may possibly fall into the hands of some, who, being altogether unacquainted with the author, might presume that these little attempts were the highest efforts of CUMBERLAND genius: That my country may not be subject to so dangerous an imputation, which would be injurious to its honour and dignity; I must here inform them, that these pieces are only the production of a mechanic, who never was taught the rudiments of the English language. What may be expected from men of a liberal education, and of enlarged faculties, must be of a nature superior to these puny attempts; which, if they rise above mediocrity, will be a sufficient plaudit.

And now, to conclude, I embrace this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks to all my kind patrons and subscribers, who have so generously

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rously and liberally encouraged this undertaking;
and to assure them, that I am, with the greatest
respect and esteem,

their much obliged friend,

and hearty well-wisher,

CHARLES GRAHAM.

PENRITH,
June 15th, 1778:



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MISCELLANEOUS

Miscellaneous Pieces,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

AN EULOGIUM

ON THE

DIGNITY OF VERSE.

COME, gentle muse! in pleasing strains rehearse
Th' enchanting magic of immortal verse!
Tell how the passions, when subdu'd by thee,
Glide smooth and placid like th' untroubld sea.
From pen'ry's gripe, thy genuine sons preserve,
And give them all the honours they deserve;
Who merits more, the muse demands to know,
Than he whose art can mitigate your woe?
To you, ye fair! I make my first appeal,
(Your bosoms surely wo'nt the truth conceal)
What makes your breasts with tender pity heave,
When on the stage you hear **MONIMIA** grieve?
Or when you view the penitential fair,
Her woes participate, and drop the tear;

B

Can

Can ought amuse amid the dire distress?
 Ev'n gay *LOTHARIO* does not please you less.
 The muse's power can chastest hearts alarm,
 And even lend to perfidy a charm.

When you, ye fair, at intervals peruse
 The tender sentiments of *SAPPHO*'s muse;
 Or with attentive eye, the page survey,
 Where *ELOISA* pours the plaintive lay;
 Ye must confess, that merit does belong
 To equal numbers, and to lofty song.
 Thus self-convicted, can the cruel fair
 Consign the bard to pen'ry and despair?
 Must he, whose art can sooth the virgin's woe,
 Be less regarded than the empty beau?
 Can barren expletives deserve your care,
 And empty chit-chat entertain the fair?
 Must the dark stair-case be the poet's doom,
 Whilst worthless coxcombs flutter round the room?
 Forbid it ladies—drive the fopling hence,
 And let respect be shewn to men of sense.

Ye British youths, who sport in *PINDUS*' shades,
 And hold soft dalliance with th' *AONION* maids;
 Say, is there ought that can amuse the mind,
 Or fire the soul, like sentiment refin'd?
 Can you with langour *SPENCER*'s strains rehearse,
 Or be unmov'd with *MILTON*'s lofty verse?
 What heart-felt pity does the muse excite,
 When that sweet bard bewails his loss of sight?

The

The laurel wreath to MILTON must belong,
No poet since has equal'd him in song.

Thou too, who sprung'st from * Avon's gentle
stream,
Hast strokes of nature blended in each theme;
Yet horrid scenes will virtuous minds alarm,
But milder images are sure to charm.
Hence THOMPSON's lays will never fail to please,
While spring's gay beauties blossom on the trees,
Each tender tale must every heart engage,
And young LAVINIA charm each future age.
What ease and dignity thy lines convey,
Thou friend to truth, thou much lamented GAY.
But thou, O YOUNG! whom virtue must admire,
What heav'n-born seraph gave thy muse its fire?
Thy powerful muse can each illusion chase,
While dissipation hides her pallid face.
Thy magic lays, the kindred passions draw,
And even profligates are struck with awe.

Now since the muse has such a power to charm,
To cure the spleen, or frantic rage disarm;
Can you, in gratitude, your aid refuse,
To patronise the vot'ries of the muse?
Is nothing due to him, whose magic power
Conspires to recreate the lonely hour?

B 2

Must

* Shakespear.

Must knavish jugglers too, your favours share,
 Whilst bards (camelion like) subsist on air?
 Must idle vagrants gain the highest prize,
 Whose only merit is to " cheat your eyes ? "
 Are those neglected, who, with ardent care,
 Have caught the landscape of the changeful year?
 Who, with inspection keen, trace nature through,
 And, grateful, hold the portrait to your view.
 When youthful spring, no longer charms the eye,
 And summer months, no genial warmth supply;
 When nature's vest no more the flowers adorn,
 Nor thrush nor lark, conspire to chear the morn,
 When nipping frost, the purling rill congeals,
 And the starv'd nymph, but half her face reveals;
 No chilling blasts can the soul's current freeze,
 The muse has still her genuine charms to please.
 Small are the joys that cribbage can dispence,
 And love of cards, betrays the want of sense;
 Delicious banquets leave a sting behind,
 But mental feasts, invigorate the mind;
 True sterling wit can every care controul,
 And touch the finer movements of the soul:
 Attend the lays—you'll in idea, find
 Spring's lovely aspect pictur'd on the mind.
 Or shou'd your curious eye the page explore,
 Where rocking whirlwinds drive the ships on shore;
 When ocean's azure god, with awful brow,
 Bids all the wat'ry powers beneath him bow;
Tho'

Tho' earthquakes dire shou'd nature's face deform,
 In tuneful ease you'll view the ideal storm.
 Thus can the muse the coldest breast enflame,
 And on the frigid soul engrave her deathless name!



INVOCATION to SPRING.

COME, gentle spring, sweet blooming goddess
 come,

On gentle gales, thrice welcome! urge thy way,
 And on our plains thy radiant form disclose.
 The sick'ning swains have long thy absence mourn'd,
 And in harmonious numbers, sung thy praise!
 But what, alas! avails the softest song?
 Regardless thou of each fond scribbling bard,
 With looks indignant, scorn'st the proffer'd lay.

The feather'd choir, with softest notes of joy,
 Thy annual approach exulting hail,
 And glad some pay their tribute to thy charms:
 In pity to the woes they now must feel,
 Fair goddess deign their pain to mitigate,
 And with thy bright effulgence cheer the land.
 The vegetable world in sadness mourns.

The yellow cowslip and the primrose pale,
 To shun the storm hide their diminish'd heads,
 Now wait the touch of thy enliv'ning hand,
 To wake their latent glories into day!
 Let ev'ry flower its genuine charms display,
 And bid the violet glow with purple hue.
 Nor shall the muse be silent in thy praise:
 But when thou com'st to cheer the smiling year,
 (With all th' attendant beauties of thy reign;)
 She, ever watchful, ardently shall strive
 To mark each glory, as it moves along;
 Arrange, with acc'racy, and nice design,
 Each glowing image; then, with finest touch,
 In softest language, ev'ry charm convey.

ODE TO SPRING.

NOW winter's chilling blasts are o'er,
 And spring exerts her genial power
 O'er BRITAIN's fertile plains;
 Reviving nature owns her sway,
 Th' exulting swain resumes the lay,
 In adulating strains.

The beauteous nymph with joy elate,
 (On whom a thousand graces wait)
 Looks blithe and deboniar;

Ten thousand flow'rets deck the ground,
 And fling their fragrant odours round,
 That scent the vernal air.

The feather'd choir new notes prepare;
 The twit'ring swallow skims the air,
 Prognostic of thy reign;
 The linnet strains his little throat,
 The black-bird swells a bolder note,
 Re-ecchoing o'er the plain.

The sportive lambs that frisk along,
 Demand the tribute of my song,
 Their harmless sports delight;
 See how they form the mimic race,
 By turns, each other they displace,
 And charm the ravish'd fight!

But yonder view the peaceful hind,
 With looks beneficent and kind,
 Sallute the joyous morn;
 No greater bliss kind nature yields,
 Than thus to wander thro' the fields,
 And view the rising corn.

He who with philosophic eye,
 Wou'd nature's secret wonders spy,
 Which in gay spring appear;

May

May here with optic-glass, behold
Minutest objects ting'd with gold,
That charm the connoisseur.

The reptile race, from chinks secrete,
Fair Spring's returning presence greet,
(Smit with the genial ray ;)
By slow degrees, their powers unite,
They spread their tender wings for flight,
And bask in open day.

Whether in air, or sea, or land,
We mark the great creative hand,
Ten thousand wonders rise;
What glorious scenes we find display'd,
Or in the grove or silent shade,
That charm us and surprise!

But shou'd benevolence divine,
The pow'rs of speculation join,
T' expand the human heart;
How tranquil shou'd our moments fly,
Cou'd we relieve the orphan's cry,
And timely aid impart?

See! providence with liberal hand,
Bids plenty bless the smiling land,
And all our wants supply;

Ye rich, who in profusion roll,
The widow's hapless fate condole,
And wipe the tearful eye.

Then, months and years wou'd smoothly glide,
And calm content's unruff'd tide,
Flow placid and serene;
No wayward passions cou'd controul
The peaceful empire of the soul,
Or cloud the tranquil scene.

Blest season, hail! and THOU, the soul,
Whose sovereign pow'r sustains the whole,
And bids the seasons smile;

Let no fell tyrant e'er invade,
Those sacred rights BRITANNIA made,
To guard her fav'rite isle.



THE CONTRAST,

A N O D E.

WHEN nature first with vivifying heat,
Bid virgin earth a fruitful mother grow;
Her pregnant womb brought forth a birth complete,
And thro' the air bid fragrant odours blow;
The genial blossoms burst upon the sight,
With rapture fill'd, rejoicing in the light!

The

The soft'ning warmth, gave nurture to each plant,
 The fruit spontaneous deck'd the loaded bough:
 The glebe did now no annual tillage want,
 Nor was there need to draw th' unwieldy plow:
 Each nymph and swain, in innocence array'd,
 In mutual love, enjoy'd the pleasing shade.

The harmless birds their sweetest notes unite,
 (Bright emblems they, of innocence and joy,)
 The tranquil hours in raptures took their flight,
 Nor did the bliss admit the least alloy:
 Peace reign'd secure, she blest the peasant's shed,
 Nor had oppression rear'd her gorgon head.

The air was pure, from noxious vapours free,
 Health, blooming goddess! ting'd the virgin's face;
 Each youth in raptures, told his tale with glee,
 Nor had pale sickness seiz'd the human race;
 Famine and pestilence were yet unborn;
 Love, smiling fat, and plenty fill'd her horn,

Ah mournful contrast to this blissful reign!
 Across the wide ATLANTIC cast your eyes;
 Where civil rage bestrews th' ensanguin'd plain,
 And nought around but scenes of horror rise!
 Th' afflicted widow mourns her husband's death
 And aged fires in torture yield their breath!

BRITAINNIA

BRITANNIA listen—and thy rage forego—

Th' inglorious strife will all thy laurels stain ;
 What tho' with blood thou mak'st their rivers flow,
 Those sons of freedom will their rights maintain :
 Nor is it strange—they prize fair freedom most,
 For freedom still has been BRITANNIA's boast.

Sheathe, sheathe the sword—then shall the bloom-
 ing spring,

His mildest influence o'er thy vales dispencc ;
 Fair FLORA shall her choicest flow'rets bring,
 To charm the eye, or to regale the sense :
 “A garland sweet, thy temples shall entwine,
 “And nature's choicest gifts BRITANNIA shall
 be thine!”

The humble muse shall join to sing the charms
 Which love, and peace, and innocence bestow ;
 While those who love to shine in feats of arms,
 Shall never taste true happiness below :
 How vain the toil, to blow the seeds of strife,
 When milder passions soothe the woes of life.

ODE

ODE TO JUNE.

Sweet May with all her blooming charms, is past,
 Fled like a meteor, from th' astonish'd eye ;
 See JUNO now advance with a eager haste,
 While sultry breezes shew the goddess nigh :
 Hail lovely June ! thy presence I revere,
 Thou love-inspiring month, that glad'st the
 smiling year !

For thee fair MAIA opes the swelling buds,
 And wafts their fragrant odours thro' the air ;
 She knows thou lov'st to haunt th' embow'ring
 woods,
 And taste the sweets she kindly blossom'd there :
 Where joyous songsters hop from spray to spray,
 Love tunes their throats, love modulates their
 lay.

But hark ! what notes are these that strike the ear ? —
 The lark his early matin has begun ;
 See with what majesty he mounts the air,
 And spreads his plumage to the rising sun !
 Now various accents cheer each wood and plain,
 And eccho still repeats the melting strain.

Myriads

Myriads of insects in the sun-beams dance,
 Or on the leafy foliage sportive stray;
 In quick succession, myriads more advance,
 To share the influence of the solar ray:
 Unnumber'd swarms in humid grottos lie,
 That mock the search of philosophic eye.

All nature teems with life—the fluid air
 Is life itself—(tho' strange the thought may seem)
 Each dew-drop has it's finny squadrons there,
 That range, like fish, in the translucent stream:
 Where ends the chain of life? ye sages, say,
 Where shall we find unanimated clay?

Great source of all! thy wonders sing of **THEE**!
 Thou mad'st all creatures, and of various kind;
 Thy wisdom fixt a barrier to the sea;
 Thou gav'st perception to the human mind:
 Objects inanimate display thy power,
 But man alone thy wonders can explore.

Yet men there are, who, deaf to nature's call,
 Survey creation with incurious eye;
 Who, with indifference view the seasons roll,
 Nor ever know the sympathetic sigh:
 May souls like these their grov'ling taste im-
 prove,
 Nor dare profane the sacred haunts of love!

To flee at noon, the sun's meridian rage,
 Down by the riv'let's margin let me stray!
 There chant, O POPE! thy moralizing page,
 Or THOMPSON, thine! enamour'd with thy lay:
 Where genuine wit, with solid sense combin'd,
 Conspire t' improve the taste and harmonize
 the mind.

Hail native BRITAIN! nurse of lib'ral arts!
 May'st thou uninjur'd, brave the shocks of time;
 May'st thou with lenient balm, subdue the hearts
 Of those who now possess the western clime;
 With them combin'd, thou shalt no danger know,
 Nor dread the insults of the GALLIC foe.

MIDSUMMER-DAY, A PASTORAL POEM.

THE month of fair VENUS is fled,
 MAIA has quitted the scene;
 Bright JUNO now visits the shade,
 And smiles at the nymphs on the green:
 Who now in simplicity drest,
 Walk careless abroad in the morn;
 A flow'ret now graces each breast,
 And health does their faces adorn.

Tho'

Tho' plumage ne'er nods on their heads,
 Yet these can enamour the heart;
 For beauty resides in the shades,
 Where nature surpasses all art;
 The goddesses in rapture survey,
 Nor can her attention remove,
 " Thy daughters BRITANNIA " she says
 " Shall hence be the daughters of love."

Thus saying, she wav'd her fair hand,
 Dame FLORA attends at her call;
 " Sweet odours diffuse o'er the land,
 " And all thy gay carpet unroll:
 " For this is my festival day,
 " The zenith of all my mild reign,
 " Ye birds swell your notes on the spray,
 " Rejoice every nymph with her swain.

" But first cull a chaplet with speed,
 " An elegant garland compose:
 " Take a slip from each flow'r of the mead,
 " In the midst place my favourite rose:
 " And lastly (each sense to invite)
 " Let blossoms of hawthorn be seen,
 " Let the myrtle and woodbine unite,
 " And thyme deck the margin with green."

Now PHOEBUS's heart-cheering rays
 The dews from the meadows exhale;
 Now fiercer, and potent, the blaze
 Earth's inmost recesses assail;
 O! let me retire to the shade,
 Beneath the oak's umbrage recline;
 Invite the coy muse to my aid,
 Whilst nature with art I define.

Now flutter the insects abroad,
 In all their bright pegeantry gay,
 Whose period no respite affords,
 How transient and short is their day!
 Yet these are endu'd with quick sense,
 Like thee, they share pleasure and pain;
 Be humble, vain mortal, and hence
 From barbarous actions refrain.

The stock-doves immur'd in the vale,
 Observe how they murmur their loves;
 No rancour their breasts e'er assail,
 Such passion resides in the groves:
 Such mutual endearments as these,
 Give joy to the rational mind,
 For tenderness fails not to please
 The man whose ideas are refin'd.

The cataract, heard from afar,
 With vigour inspirits my lay,
 Let me nature's suffrages share,
 I ask not a sprig from the bay:
 Tho' simple and artless the strain,
 Thy beauties, oh summer! I sing;
 Shou'd virtue make me of her train
 A yearly oblation I'd bring.

Sequester'd and far in the vale,
 Beneath the umbrageous retreat,
 PALEMON rehearses his tale,
 And sighs at his PHILLIS's feet:
 Unpractic'd in treacherous arts,
 The virgin his passion approves,
 The smiles of content she imparts,
 And HYMEN rewards their fond loves.





PARRIDEL'S COMPLAINT,
 OR THE
 LAUDABLE RESOLUTION.
 A PASTORAL.
 IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Who wanton it over the plains;
 Reject not my poor pensive lay,
 But listen to PARRIDEL's strains:
 Time was when you eagerly strove
 Who most could my music prolong;
 When I chanted sweet sonnets of love,
 Ye always applauded my song.

Young PHILLIS too, join'd in the train,
 Whilst CORRYDON clasped her waist;
 Heav'n knows how I envy'd the swain
 The joys of so sweet a repast:
 To seize her fond heart by surprize,
 My musical pow'rs I'd exert,
 Expecting a glance from her eyes,
 To cherish the flame in my heart.

O tell

O tell me (for ye can declare)
 How 'tentive she listen'd the while;
 And when she approv'd of an air,
 She'd kindly vouchsafe me a smile:
 Enraptur'd, I join'd in the dance,
 Young PHIL' was reserved and coy;
 But I constru'd each trivial glance
 As a prelude to rapturous joy.

When gardens were just in their prime,
 How ardent I've labour'd the strain;
 Not doubting but flow'rets and rhyme,
 Some favour with PHILLIS wou'd gain:
 Then quickly I'd hie to the bower,
 My well chosen song to rehearse;
 And, as I selected each flow'r,
 Recited its beauties in verse.

Yet none of them all must compare,
 Or dare with my charmer to vie;
 The vi'lets must droop in despair,
 The wood-bines and eglantines die;
 Her breath I'd compare to the sweets
 Which pinks in a morning diffuse;
 And many more pretty conceits,
 Escap'd not my vigilant muse.

A smile

A smile I accepted as praise,
 (So fond is a swain that's in love)
 I've thought she esteemed my lays,
 But could not my person approve;
 A youth uninspir'd by the muse,
 Young STREPHON who lives in the vale,
 Had a person no nymph could refuse,
 And PHILLIS—she heard his fond tale.

And now it recurs to my mind,
 (Ah! wou'd I had ne'er known the day!)
 When the lads and the lasses were join'd,
 And the birds sung aloud on the spray;
 When I too resumed my place,
 And pip'd while young PHILLIDA sung;
 The graces all play'd round her face,
 While her voice did each accent prolong.

But why do I languish in vain?
 Young PHILLIS is deaf to my moan;
 Why should I forsake the gay plain,
 And wander these deserts alone?
 Young CORRYDON travers'd these shades,
 Abandon'd to grief and despair,
 Frequented these fountains and glades,
 Undone by the frowns of my fair.

Let

Let me some new project pursue,
 That soon may fresh vigour impart;
 My health and complexion renew,
 And drive sullen grief from my heart.
 'Tis granted young PHILLIS had charms,
 Yet all were to STREPHON resign'd;
 Me, SYLVIA invites to her arms,
 I'll fly, and give grief to the wind.

THE
 FORLORN SHEPHERD,

A PASTORAL.

HOW blest were my moments, how soft did
 they glide,
 The seasons how sweet did they pass?
 When peace smil'd upon me, and close by my side
 Sat HEBE, my favourite lass!

The poets all tell us that VENUS is fair,
 That PALLAS has grace in her mien;
 Their words are but fiction, and light as the air,
 But HEBE's perfections I've seen.

Amst

Assist me, remembrance, to paint the sweet maid,
 The traits of fair HEBE display;
 Whose beauty surpass all the nymphs of the shade,
 The morn she was queen of the May.

A garland of roses, besprinkled with dew,
 Around her bright forehead was bound,
 Whilst busy wing'd zephyrs to fan the nymph flew,
 And wafted sweet odours around.

Her beautiful tresses, as black as a sloe,
 Her fine falling shoulders did deck,
 And formed a contrast, that sweetly did shew,
 The delicate white of her neck!

Her eyes spoke a meekness and dignity too,
 That scorn'd to coquet or beguile;
 As virtue was always the object in view,
 She wore a beneficent smile.

Her cheeks—but ah! were a poet to write,
 He'd talk of the roses new-blown;
 To tell you they blush'd, and enraptur'd the sight,
 Enough of description is shewn.

Her

Her charms were augmented, whene'er the nymph
mov'd,
So sweet and so graceful her mein;
No wonder a shepherd such innocence lov'd,
For HEBE appear'd like a queen.

Such was my dear HEBE, and O! what delight
Her delicate answers convey'd,
Whenever I prest her, my toils to requite,
And render me blest in the shade.

Oft times to amuse, as we tended our sheep,
Some well chosen song I'd rehearse;
If virtue was wounded, my charmer would weep,
For HEBE delighted in verse.

Thus blest with her presence, no sorrows I knew,
Her love all my labours beguil'd,
Ev'n PAN seem'd delighted, such raptures to view,
And sylvan simplicity smil'd!

How short-liv'd and transient, alas! was my joy,
Fate bid me these blisses forego;
And told me that pleasures unmixt with alloy,
Portended a period of woe.

The

The fatal prediction extorted a sigh,
A sigh which I strove to suppress,
But HEBE perceiv'd it, and instant did cry
“ What motive can cause thy distress! ”

'Twas now I dissembled, and feign'd a smile;
(Determin'd my sorrows to hide)
“ Ah! shou'd you, ” said I, “ your fond DAMON
“ beguile? —
“ Now tell me the cause that I sigh'd? ”

Th' evasion succeeded, the nymph seem'd pleas'd,
The incense accepts at her shrine;
And now for a moment my bosom was eas'd,
For HEBE declar'd she'd be mine!

Her innocent blandishments stole on my soul,
And banish'd reflection the while;
For fate, when she means human bliss to control,
Begins the attack with a smile.

For ah! fatal eve! I remember it still,
As late I return'd from the fold;
By the verge of a stream at the foot of a hill,
Where revel the fishes of gold;

I saw

I saw, by the light of the moon's gentle ray,
My fair one reclin'd on the grass;
The lustre that erst her fair cheeks did display,
Did rise and alternately pass.

I rais'd her (for who could the office refrain,)
And homewards the nymph I convey'd,
But oh! how it tortur'd my bosom with pain,
When thus to her shepherd she said.

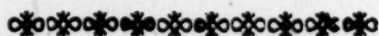
“ For this kindly office (I think 'tis the last
“ I e'er from thy hand shall receive;)
“ I thank thee!—and as to the joys that are past,
“ I pray thee fond swain do not grieve!

“ I see (but why should I sharpen thy grief!)
“ The menacing aspect of death!
“ It is not in mortals to grant me relief,
“ Or lengthen the date of my breath!

“ Lov'd shepherd! let this feeble effort suffice—
“ Accept this last final farewell!”—

Her meek gentle spirit now fled to the skies,
Where truth and sincerity dwell.

Now penfive and sad, at the close of each day,
 To her silent grave I repair;
 And cull the sweet flow'rets, as onwards I stray,
 To strew round the tomb of my fair!



A RETROSPECT.

TO pleasing shades and scenes of flow'ry joy,
 My fond romantic soul will often rove,
 From men recluse, and free from all annoy,
 I taste the cooling fragrance of the grove.

Renown'd ARCADIA, fam'd by Grecian bards,
 In fancy's mirror strikes th' enraptur'd eye;
 The pastures green, replete with lowing herds,
 Where browsing flocks, and careless shepherds lie.

Such scenes ideal, sooth my penfive mind,
 And oft dispense a momentary ease;
 But LESBIA's gone, who all my joys refin'd,
 Her lovely form had every charm to please.

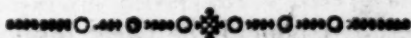
Fair VENUS' softness, with MINERVA's grace,
 Did the exterior of the maid adorn;
 No nymph, alas! cou'd boast a fairer face,
 Or dance so sprightly on the festive morn!

Nor

Nor was her mind less form'd to captivate ;
 A mind that felt the sympathetic glow ;
 When virtue pin'd, or shar'd a hapless fate,
 The virgin wept, and shar'd the victim's woe.

With such an object, pleasing to the eye,
 And doubly pleasing to the feeling heart,
 Say, is there one cou'd sit regardless by,
 Or long refrain his raptures to impart?

In vain the muse attempts to paint the maid,
 Her utmost efforts unessential are ;
 There's not a nymph that haunts the rural shade,
 Can with the bright original compare.



THE
 DICONSOLE SHEPHERDESS,
 A PASTORAL.

NO nymph e'er enjoy'd a more tranquil retreat,
 Than fortune bestow'd to my lot ;
 My lambkins would gambol, and sport at my feet,
 Contentment still smil'd on my cot.

envy'd not others, tho' favour'd with wealth,
 Nor pride nor ambition I knew,
 I always enjoy'd the sweet comforts of health,
 My moments still chearfully flew.

If a turbulent passion e'er seem'd to invade,
 (For who will not passions assail?)
 I then would retire to the heart-soothing shade,
 T' improve from the nightingale's tale.

When AURORA, bright goddess! appear'd in the
 east,
 And the lark sung aloud her mild reign,
 My flocks would repair to their morning's repast,
 And sport on the fresh dewy plain.

Well pleas'd, I beheld the sweet innocents play,
 And smil'd at the gambols they made:
 But, when the sun shone with too potent a ray,
 These wtlings I drove to the shade.

As once to the primrosy bank I repair'd.
 (The place ever sacred to love!)
 Young DAMON there met me, his passion declar'd,
 In a strain which my heart did approve.

Excuse

Excuse a fond maid that's a stranger to art,
 If the youth's lovely form I pourtray;
 At least, an imperfect description impart,
 For who can his graces display?

His broad manly forehead, embrown'd with the
 sun,
 Had ne'er known a wrinkle or frown;
 The tresses that did the dear youth so adorn,
 In ringlets flow'd gracefully down.

His eyes they were azure, delightful to view!
 Thro' which beam'd the traits of his mind;
 Spoke the heart, which the art of deceit never
 knew,
 But always was pure and refin'd.

The cheeks of my swain, were with down over-
 spread,
 And blush'd like the rose on the thorn,
 His breath diffus'd odours, which instantly fled,
 And mixt with the sweets of the morn.

T' have heard the dear youth, who was form'd so
 compleat,
 (The object of nature's fond care!)
 On his pipe breathe the sonnet in accents so sweet,
 Might the heart of a goddess ensnare.

I sing my experience, tho' languid the strain !
 More languid the sequel will prove;
 No more shall I taste the sweet joys of the plain,
 Since torn from the arms of my love!

Full oft would my swain, (when impell'd by the
 heat
 Of PHOEBUS, great regent of day)
 Repair to the river, his fav'rite retreat,
 There lave the cool moments away.

One bright sunny morn, as I drove forth my flock,
 The health-giving sweets to inhale;
 When lo! on a sudden, my heart felt a shock,
 And a murm'ring ran thro' the vale.

The flocks of young DAMON promiscuously ran,
 Wide scatter'd, and bleating amain,
 And all seem'd the haunt of their shepherd to shun,
 Whilst terror o'erspread the wide plain.

"O heavens!" I exclaim'd, and I sprung thro'
 the brake;
 The birds in sad concert did mourn,
 For DAMON, ah luckless! had stray'd to the lake,
 Alas! never more to return!

Ye nymphs who preside o'er the pure limpid stream,
Or rove the green willows among;
Make the woes of young DAMON your favourite
theme.

For DAMON delighted in song.

And, should your soft music, ah! hopeless the strain!
E'er wake the dear shade of my love!
Oh! waft him with speed, o'er the cold dewy plain,
To sooth the sad nymph in the grove.

AN ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON, WHO DIED
AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

O! the soft commerce! O! the tender ties,
Close twisted with the tender fibres of the heart!
Young.

Cease, cease my friend, 'tis impious thus to grieve,
Exert the man, when gloomy thoughts invade,
Nor lonely wander each returning eve,
Beneath the cypress melancholy shade.

For know, that power who form'd thee as thou art,
(Endu'd with reason's intellectual ray)
Has but withdrawn the gift he did impart;
'Tis thine, in meek submission to obey.

This

This truth observe, " whatever is, is right. "

The shafts of adverse fortune learn to brave ;
Let future joys, to nobler thoughts excite,
" And scorn the dark dominion of the grave. "

Ah ! little know'st thou speculative swain !

The poignant tortures, tender parents feel ;
Experience only can that knowledge gain,
The force of words but faintly can reveal.

I've lost—but oh thou know'st the mournful tale !

Thou knew'st the object of my partial care ;
Hast thou not led him thro' the flow'ry vale,
Then fondly strove the ravish'd kifs to share ?

But soft, my muse—nor strike that tender string—

The sad rememb'rance pains my bleeding heart ;
More solemn scenes, I now attempt to sing,
And all my feelings to my friend impart !

When death, fell monster ! mark'd his blooming prey,

And ruthless sent his delegated train ;
The lovely victim made one faint essay,
To rise triumphant, and relinquish pain.

Alas, in vain ! the unrelenting foe ;

(With whom, nor tears, nor innocence cou'd
plead !)

To aid his triumph, intercepts the blow,
E'er long to fall on his devoted head !

What

What could I do ? I cull'd the garden's pride,
 And hop'd a garland wou'd my FLORIO please ;
 The flow'rets now, their wonted joys deny'd,
 Nor cou'd dispense one interval of ease.

Perplex'd, alarm'd, with eager haste I flew,
 From ÆSCULAPIUS' sons I sought relief,
 But none alas ! the dire disorder knew,
 Each weak surmise did but augment my grief.

Oft have I stole, with circumspective tread,
 Close to the couch where lovely FLORIO lay,
 Implor'd my god, to grant this gracious mead,
 And smoothe his passage to eternal day !

The same request, I frequent did renew,
 Th' Almighty heard — (for fervent was my prayer)
 His spotless soul thro' heaven's wide portals flew,
 Thus, love consummate, lent a lenient ear.

Yes, thou art gone ! thou ever blessed shade !
 Thou tasted'st death, tho' stingleless was the dart,
 To make thee bless'd, thy dear redeemer bled,
 O'er thee the second death shall have no part.

I now no more shall chant the chearful strain,
 Nor sit delighted in the fragrant grove ;
 Nor tune my reed, to sing of MYRA's pain,
 A nobler object must engage my love.

VERSES



VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A SON, WHO
WAS BORN ON THE TWENTY FOURTH OF JUNE.

Written Extempore.

HIS birth auspicious, (tho' his fate severe)
FLORA for him her flow'ry carpet spread,
Display'd the beauties of the teeming year,
And strew'd fresh roses on NARCISSUS' head,

Him JUNO lov'd—the month which bears her name,
In her mild zenith, brought NARCISSUS' forth;
My heart exulting, felt the purest flame,
And hail'd the goddess smiling on his birth.

Yet what avails it, tho' the rosy hue
In all it's lusture, did his cheeks adorn?
His fancy'd image wakes my woes anew,
And leaves a parent anxious and forlorn.

Nor time, nor absence, shall my flame remove,
Annual to thee bright JUNO! will I bring
A rosy garland, sacred to my love,
Cull'd from the bosom of the blooming spring.

AUTUM-



AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

PAST are the pleasing months of summer's reign,
 When I with pleasure rov'd the meads among;
 Now sober Autumn sweeps the russet plain,
 And all around excites to solemn song.

Saw'st thou the tulip raise its florid head,
 And spread its foliage to the noon-tide ray;
 Lo! now it sleeps within its dusty bed,
 The short-liv'd pageant of a summer's day!

Here view thyself, — thou'rt but a human flow'r,
 Alike obnoxious to the stroke of death;
 Dar'st thou presume upon a future hour,
 Or can thy art prolong thy fleeting breath?

Yet still the coxcomb struts, with pride elate,
 And smiles contempt on little folks below;
 He reeks not death, nor dreads the hand of fate,
 Nor can his mind mature reflection know.

How thick the leaves bestrew the sadden'd grove!
 See others quivering on the tender spray;
 Th' affrighted tenants cease their notes of love,
 And tow'ards the southern clime pursue their way.

A few

A few perchance, unmindful of the call,
 Or absent when the covey takes its flight,
 To ruthless fowlers, helpless victims fall,
 Or mourn, thro' wintry months, their woful
 plight.

Thus, when the mariner is left behind,
 On GREENLAND's cold inhospitable shore,
 No words can speak the anguish of his mind,
 When he beholds his joyous mates no more !

Where's now the gay, the flutt'ring insect race,
 That bask'd i'th sun, or perch'd upon the flower;
 'That hover'd devious, round from place to place,
 Or held soft dalliance in the myrtle bower?

Their task perform'd, unnumber'd myriads die,
 And undistinguish'd, moulder in the earth;
 In cones enwrapt, the future embryos lie,
 'Till genial spring matures their growing birth.

Thus years revolve, and all things here on earth,
 Alternate change their nature as they pass,
 To putrefaction others owe their birth,
 And speak this awful truth, "all flesh is grass."

A SOLILO-

A SOLILOQUY,
ON THE LATE DR. WILLIAM DODD.

AND is he gone? has unrelenting death
Snatch'd from our eyes, the soother of our
woes?

Ah! too rigid justice! could nought avail
Or move thy heart to mitigate the sentence?
And thou our sovereign, wast not thou severe?
Could not the prayer of thousands urge thy hand
His doom to cancel and his life to spare?
Ah! no! the irrevocable sentence
Now has pass'd—the stern voice of justice
For public good, outweigh'd the voice of thousands.
But hold—perhaps the sentence was but just;
Weak nature's feelings often make us partial.
Was not the man whose fate thou seem'st to mourn
Endu'd by hea'vn with intellectual light,
To make researches thro' the laws of nature,
And teach to others, moral rectitude?
He knew full well the consequence of guilt,
He knew the punishment to forg'ry due,
And from a * recent instance might have known
That this one crime no pardon does obtain.

E Might

* The Pérreaus.

Might not that knowledge which inform'd his mind,
 Ev'n love of gratitude deter'd his hand,
 And sav'd the victim from impending woe?
 Alas! how weak is human fortitude
 When unassisted by some aid divine.
 Like PETER, he presumptuously rely'd
 On the exertion of his nat'ral powers.
 Deep trials did assail, pride urg'd him fore,
 Necessity usurp'd the seat of justice,
 And with her sophistry she wrought his fall.

Thus sings the bard—"whatever is, is right."
 But do'nt mistake the muse—wrong ca'nt be right,
 Can vice be virtue? that were strange indeed:
 But 'tis not strange that he whose name is love,
 Should, from the secret workings of his power,
 From seeming evils real good deduce.
 Is there a doubt, but the omniscient God
 Dispences justice with impartial hand?
 Had not the mar, the subject of my theme,
 Who fell a victim to his country's laws,
 Mark'd for himself a smoother road to heav'n,
 And left humility's unerring path?
 He bask'd amid the smiles of adulation;
 His name was pop'lar, but the man was lost—
 His heart estranged from fair virtue's shrine—
 'Twas pride usurp'd the empire of his mind,
 And (HEROD-like) he gave not God the praise.

Men

Men thus exalted thro' the praise of men,
To vice too often fall an easy prey.

'Twas then the grand deceiver play'd his bait,
And thus he wisper'd in the doctor's ear.

" Art thou in want? what then! thy name is great,

" Therefore thou must thy penury conceal,

" All men believe thee honest and sincere.

" Take my advice, practice a trifling fraud.

" Thou know'st thy pupil noble CHESTERFIELD?

" Take what thou want'st on credit of his name."

" 'Tis forgery—O! I dread the dire event!"

" What! words affright thee? where's thy boasted
" knowledge,

" Is this then he who charm'd th' attentive throng,

" And sooth'd the ear with elegance of stile?

" Know, 'tis th' intent that constitutes a crime,

" That makes us culpable, or sets us free.

" Thou hast no base designs—thou wilt, I know,

" Escape detection, and the sum repay;

" Thus by this simple trifling artifice,

" Thou'lt save thy honour from the public scorn."

The scheme seem'd plausible, it sooth'd his pride;

A while he paus'd, but did not long demur,

And wrote down CHESTERFIELD with trembling
hand,

'Tis done—presented, and the sum receiv'd.

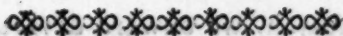
But ah! e'er long the culprit was pursu'd,

Detected, and by law " condemn'd to die."

Think, O my soul! " whatever is, is right."

What GOD permits, tho' sinful in itself,
 May, in the sequel, work for gen'ral good;
 He sinn'd, 'tis true, but sinn'd against conviction;
 If pre-ordain'd, where is free agency?
 He might have stood but rather chose to fall.
 But mark th' event, see GOD's eternal love
 Shines forth conspicuous to the fervent soul.
 Depress'd with grief, immers'd in shame and guilt;
 Insulted by the thoughtless and the gay;
 Like him of old, who fell among the thieves,
 While modern LEVITES pass regardless by;
 Our good SAMARITAN (Christ typify'd)
 With lenient hand apply'd the healing balm.

Thus he, whom love of praise had render'd vain,
 Was taught to see the emptiness of self;
 To make attonement for his flagrant crime;
 And tho' he dy'd an ignominious death,
 He now, I trust, enjoys the light of heaven.



To T. W.

A POETICAL EPISTLE;

RECITING THE SUBSTANCE OF AN EVENING'S
CONVERSATION WITH A FRIEND.

W Hilst thou, in softest notes, thy pipe attun'd,
Serenely blest in thy belov'd retreat;
I, with my friend, in social converse join'd,
Survey'd this world with philosophic eye.

The earth's attractive gravitative power,
Th' amazing atmosphere's resistless force,
Which power impulsive, regulates the whole,
All order keeps; how it distends the lungs,
And still re-animates the human frame.

The swift rotation of this earthly ball,
It's rapid motion challeng'd our surprize,
It's annual and diurnal course display
Th' amazing architect must be divine.

All these, with other properties occult,
We canvas'd o'er, while time with rapid wing,
Pursu'd his flight regardless: rhet'ric's power
Could not persuade, nor stop the hoary sage.

This globe, nor solar system could confine,
 Our boundless search, we onward devious stray'd,
 Amidst surrounding systems infinite,
 'Till lost amid th' immensity of space.

Each fixed star, whose disk apparent, seems
 No larger than a sparkling diamond's point.
 May safe without a hyperbole, be deem'd
 A sun and center of itself complete,
 Round whose stupendous orb huge planet's roll,
 And share, like us, their sun's enliv'ning ray.

The rushing comet next engag'd our search.
 It's ample circuit round the sun's bright orb
 In form elliptic, undergoes strange fate,
 Vicissitude tormenting, and severely felt
 By it's inhabitants, (if such there are)
 As is beyond the muse's power to tell.

Fain would the muse some faint idea give,
 And tell in verse, the strange vicissitude.
 When to his perihelium he has roll'd,
 (As NEWTON tells) the heat is so intense,
 That if an iron ball in bulk as huge
 As this our planet where we now reside,
 Was heated by it's potent blaze; e'er it would cool,
 O strange to tell! full fifty thousand times
 This earth must wander round the central orb.
 Compar'd with this, our torrid zone would be
 A sweet retirement, and a cool retreat.

it's

It's rapid force, and more resurgent blaze
 Terrific, sheds horror o'er ignoble minds,
 Portending blood-shed and discordant war.
 But those whom reason's ray enlightens,
 Serenely view, and hymn creative power,
 That never will'd, that never plann'd in vain.

The god-head spoke, the wond'rous fabric rose;
 He pois'd these pond'rous orbs in liquid air;
 He smil'd benignant, form'd the whole complete,
 And then pronounc'd the sanction, "all was good."

Th' amazing prodigies that strike the eye,
 Or those that wander æther's boundless space,
 Alarm the thought, our littleness display;
 Their various ends, our grosser sense evade,
 Their structure still th' Original proclaim.

HAY-MAKING,

A POEM, ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

THE muse who late essay'd in lofty strains,
 The greatnets of creative power to sing;
 Must now descend, and humbler notes assume,
 And tune the reed to simple rural lays.

Soon

Soon as AURORA, goddess of the morn,
 Comes from the east, sweet harbinger of day!
 The lusty swain, health blooming on his cheek,
 Leaps from his bed, and wakes his chearful mate
 With, "rise O DAMON! view the rosy morn!
 "See! in the east, how bright the clouds appear,
 "And seem all dappl'd to the western sky!
 "Let's out, and walk along the pasture head;
 "We'll spend the time in talk of FANNY's charms,
 "Until the sun comes peeping o'er the hills;
 "Then home we'll hie, and up the lasses call;
 "And make some sport with bonny PEGGY too,
 "For (if I err not) PEGGY charms your eye.
 "My heart, O DAMON! leaps and bounds with joy,
 "This charming hay-day crowns my utmost wish,
 "For all my joys are fixt and center'd here,
 "A happy harvest and my JENNY's love!
 "But see, the sun is half way up the sky,
 "We've stay'd too long, see where my father comes,
 "His ang'ry looks reprove our long delay."
 Now PHOEBUS' rays beam strong, the dew's exhal'd,
 And forth in numbers come the rural throng;
 Inur'd to labour, toil but seems a sport,
 Health and contentment makes th' amusement sweet.
 Now in their arms the joyful swains enfold
 In ample heaps, the sweet and fragrant hay,
 Which they strew round in merry jocund mood,
 And strive to leave their partners far behind.

But

But if a youth more sportive than the rest,
 Begin the game, and, with uplifted arms,
 Strew heaps o'er heaps on hapless JENNY's head;
 Rous'd by th' example, all combin'd, they join,
 And, unremitting, with redoubl'd speed,
 They ply their hands, 'till with th' incumbent load
 Opprest; the maid fatigu'd and almost spent,
 Calls out for quarter, and with languid voice,
 Upbraids their rudeness, and derides their game,
 In terms that shame the more discerning few.
 Now strew'd abroad, the hay remains untouch'd,
 Imbibing, all the while, the solar ray;
 'Till judg'd by a full time to invert the sides,
 They usher forth afresh, their labour to pursue.
 And now my muse assume thy softest strain,
 Nor fail in this the most delightful task.—

The rural throng collected all in form,
 In reg'lar lines they stand (sexes apart)
 Each emulous t' exert their utmost skill;
 Ardent they strive; with rakes all stretch'd at once,
 With active hand, and quick evasive touch,
 The fragrant hay they turn with rapid speed.
 If some dull herd unable to pursue,
 With equal swiftness, all the brisker throng,
 Left in th' intricate maze, the swain becomes
 The butt for laughter, and the scorn of all.

Now rest my muse, until the destin'd hour,
 When SOL obliquely shoots his fainter rays,
 Then

Then each with joy the pleasing toil renews.
 Delightful toil! the smiling evening's mild,
 The sun's departing ray, shines placid thro'
 Each hedge and thorny brake, and sweeter still,
 Paints all the landscape with a vivid green,
 The prospect gladdens every nymph and swain,
 Each trust to morrow's sun will crown the whole.
 With speed and vigour all at once engage,
 And in great-cock collect the scatter'd hay;
 Joyous now, the lab'ers home wards bend,
 Each singling out with glee, his fav'rite last.

The following piece of pleasantry was first written in a familiar epistle to a friend, with an intent to ridicule epicurism. It was afterwards sent to the Town and Country Magazine, where it appeared under the signature of Pygmalion.

THE APPLE-DUMPLING?

A POEM.

LET others sing of battle's loud alarms,
 Of conqu'ring heroes and defeated bands;
 The task be mine, in more delightful strains,
 To sing a British apple dumpling's praise.

The lovely object opens to my view,
 And on the more enraptur'd appetite
 Excites a keener relish? fancy's eye
 Surveys thy charms delighted; now with speed
 She wings her mystic flight to distant climes,
Surveys

Surveys the torrid zone, POMONA'S grove,
 Where fragrant apples scent the ambient air,
 Or hang exub'rant on the loaded bough,
 T' enrich my theme, and charm each ravish'd
 sense —

Return, my vagrant muse, SUMAT'RA'S fruit
 We court not, BRITAIN'S fertile isle brings forth
 The mellow apple; various kinds she boast,
 Their names and virtues we must leave unsung.
 These, but in part thy fabric do compose.
 Both INDIES must unite their sweets, combine
 Their choicest sweets, our senses to regale. —
 The epicure, who each returning day,
 With jaws rapacious, and insatiate maw,
 Devours potatoes, and unwholesome pork;
 His grosser taste knows not the sweets of thee;
 No costly jellies, nor insipid soup,
 (The nice collations of voluptuous men,)
 Must dare to vie with thee for genuine charms.
 What tho' long time involv'd in fable pot,
 Thou sott'ring dolt endure convulsive throws?
 Th' excruciating torture but refines
 Thy purer essence, grateful to the taste.
 When from the reeking cavern's mouth thou'rt
 brought,
 Short respite we allow thee: now with speed,
 Thou'rt plac'd conspicuous in a china vase,
 (Or sometimes dost descend to humble delf)
 Whilst

Whilst round thy polish'd sides, redundant flows
 Nectarous juice in most delicious floods.
 Oft times, I've seen thee (charming to relate")
 Ride buyant on the stream, with head erect,
 And honest front, float round thee dish audacious.
 But when thou boasts a more gigantic size,
 Enormous, massy, ample, long and huge,
 The balmy current yields, th' incumbent weight
 Prepond'rates, and thou plumm'st the spicy tide.
 Then the quintessence of thy charms we taste
 That baffles all description, numbers fail;
 My languid muse resigns the arduous task,
 Unable to recite what taste alone enjoys.
 Let future bards enamour'd with my theme,
 Improve my song, and eccho forth thy praise.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MOTTO, "KNOW THY SELF."

THE Greek says, "know thyself." hard task indeed!
 A task the wisest never yet has learnt.
 And are there those elate with self conceit,
 Or pregnant with enthusiastic zeal,
 Who dare pronounce "I've learnt to know myself?"
 Promptuous boaster!" dost thou know thyself?
 Dost

Dar'st thou affix that motto to thy arms,
When almost every action of thy life
Deserves no better name than imperfection?
Art thou not by capricious fancy sway'd?
Do not the passions hold their potent reign,
And each by turns, thy vagrant fancy lead?
Now draw a retrospect; survey the past;
Scan well the recent actions of thy life;
I fear they'll prove, "thou did'st not know thyself."
And, if thou liv'st to see a future year,
Thou'lt vary oftner than the changeful moon.

It is not long since thou wast fond of wine,
And tun'd thy reed to Bacchanalian song.
Then music charm'd thee, and the Syren voice
Of FARINELLI, sooth'd thy raptur'd soul.
This, for a while, amus'd thy fickle mind;
But when the charm of novelty was fled;
The boldest notes seem'd languid in thine ear,
And sated fancy sicken'd at the sound.
Next, love appear'd, dress'd in her rosy charms,
And whisper'd comfort to thy fancy's woe.—
She dress'd the object of thy partial choice,
In all the graces which the poets feign,
Good-nature, sweetness, elegance of form,
Fine taste, and sensibility of soul,
And chastity her darling attribute.
Such was thy sweet NARCISSE, peerless maid!
Whilst yet thou wast in rosy fetters bound;

F

Thou

Thou though't of nothing but eternal love,
 And sylvan deities kept flutt'ring round.
 Did'st thou e'er dream thy bliss could terminate
 Or love could any diminution know?

Alas! e'er three revolving moons were past,
 The scene was alter'd, and the heav'nly nymph
 (In whose exterior all the graces shone)
 Seem'd now divested of celestial charms!
 Now fled are all the little sportive loves,
 That seem'd to revel in NARCISSA'S eyes,
 Her cheeks have all their rosy lustre lost,
 (With every other supernum'ry charm,
 That ever lover's frenzy could have form'd)
 And all the imperfect woman stands confest.

'Twas then resentment redden'd on thy cheek,
 Thou bad'st adieu to all the toils of love,
 And fixt thy hopes on more important things.

Then, thou wouldst be religious—and with speed
 Adopted rules peculiar to thy self,
 (Backing thy notions with intemp'rate zeal)
 Pronouncing others, diff'ring from thy mode,
 Bastards, and aliens from the christian faith,

Such thoughts illib'ral, prompt thee now to shun
 Life's sweetest blessing, social intercourse.
 Why wander'st thou amid sequester'd shades?

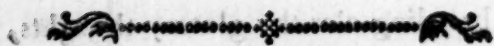
Ignobly

ignobly brooding o'er thy gloomy thoughts,
As if the god of nature dwelt alone,
In the dim grotto, or the cloister'd cell.

Thou know'st not yet " thyself " nor nature's
laws,
Nor will thy rigid maxims, make thee wise.
Take now, from me, my friend, this useful hint.

" No longer boast the " knowledge of thyself."
" Thou'rt but a compound of contending powers,
" A medley strange of virtue and of vice,
" And each, by turns, assume a transient reign.
" Practice those virtues thou pretend'st to teach,
" Relieve the indigent, when in thy power;
" The act displays benevolence of mind,
" And carries in itself, its own reward.
" But boast not thou the " knowledge of thyself."
" All thou can'st know is, " that thou art but
" weak, "

Be humble then, and leave th'event to heav'n.



Written Extempore under the
DRAWING OF A WOUNDED HEART,
 PRESENTED TO DELIA.

Dear charmer view thy victim's bleeding heart,
 With speed extract the fatal-pointed dart!
 The wound survey; the crimson current see,
 Which flows, and seems to bend its course to thee!
 Ah! cruel fair! one pitying look bestow,
 And let thy heart with soft compassion flow:
 Thy healing balm no longer now restrain,
 But freely give, and cure th' enamour'd swain.

THE POLITIC PARSON
 AN EPIGRAM.

ASHODGE and the vicar themselves did regale,
 (One Sunday in lent) o'er a tankard of ale;
 The peasant elated, thus open'd his heart,
 "I'll tell you now parson (out bring 'tother quart!)"

" Young

" Young MARGERY loves me—to wed her I'm
 " bent,
 " But conscience forbids me, because it is lent. "
 " Your conscience say you? why vain are your fears—
 " Could you see as I do, an advantage appears;
 " Would you have your wife virtuous and chaste
 " as you please,
 " This day get a licence—'tis but double fees. "

EPIGRAM.

(A SOCIABLE ONE)

A Priest the lawyer thus address'd,
 " The cares of this world fill thy breast,
 " Regardless of the next;
 " To us, my friend, advice is given
 " To lay lay up treasures safe in heav'n,
 " Now ponder well the text."
 " Well friend, " reply'd the lawyer knight,
 " Our joint endeavours let's unite
 " Since fate has hither fixt us;
 " Of this world I'll the guardian be;
 " You of the next, and thus you see
 " We'll guard them both betwixt us. "



EPIGRAM.

SAYS Tom " about reading you make a great
" squall!

" I'll read SHAKESPEAR'S plays, with the best of
" 'em all. "

" Your manner " (says WILL) " must infallably
" strike,

" Since all men agree, you *read all things alike.* "

ON JOHN WESLEY'S

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICANS.

O Strange reverse! shall WESLEY stand display'd?
Shall blooming laurels crown his hoary head?
Full fifty years did he with pliant tongue
Dispense his favours to the attentive throng;
His female profelytes would lowly bend,
But not one plaudit did his shrine attend.
Fame, fickle goddess! now at length appears,
And smiles propitious on his riper years.
O! blest resource! when pious preaching fails,
Sweet comfort's wafted in by NORTH-ern gales,
Alas! poor WESTLEY! (pilot of the soul)
Th' attractive magnet twists thee to the pole.

A PAS-

~~~~~  
A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

H E.

Come tell me, dear PHILLIS, come tell me I pray,  
Must DAMON e'er hope for your love;  
The truth of my passion my sighs do betray  
Will nothing your coldness remove?

Ah! call to your mind the last Sunday in May,  
When THYRSIS his passion prefer'd:  
You seem'd all attention to what he did say,  
With pleasure his sonnet you heard.

S H E.

O let not dire jealousy torture your breast;  
Said PHILLIS—and feigned a smile.  
A prudent reserve I have ever held best,  
Since men are so prone to beguile.

H E.

Now let not that odium extend to us all,  
Which only belongs to a few;  
True love pleads my suit, O attend to the call,  
I'll ne'er prove unconstant to you.

ON

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ON MR. SHENSTONE'S  
PASTORAL WRITINGS.

YE nymphs from PARNASSUS descend,  
Contribute your aid to my verse,  
The humblest of bards now befriend,  
And the merits of SHENSTONE rehearse.

The loveliest of swains now is fled,  
Who painted the verdure of May:—  
Who rural diversions display'd,  
And sung the sweet pastoral lay:

His numbers which flow with such ease,  
Such tender emotions impart;  
As might the most savage appease,  
Or touch the most obdurate heart:

What muse can with SHENSTONE's compare,  
Like him sing the sports of the plain,  
Or melt the soft hearts of the fair,  
In elegy's tenderer strain?

Not a song did their bard e'er compose,  
That was not both pure and refin'd;  
Such amazing variety shews,  
The turn of an elegant mind.

His



Had his bosom ne'er felt the soft flame,  
 He ne'er had pourtray'd it so well;  
 That he felt it, and nourish'd the same,  
 The strains of his CORRYDON tell.

Yet alas! what avails it to sing?  
 Or with harmony sweet strike the lyre!  
 Our moments fly swift on the wing,  
 The greatest of bards must expire.

---

## A U T U M N.

**T**He sweets of Spring no more the sense regale,  
 Nor Summer's glories captivate the eye;  
 No balmy odours breathe along the vale,  
 But sylphs and zephyrs droop their wings and die.

The gaudy tulip, (emblem of the beau,)  
 No longer now excites the florist's boast,  
 The tow'ring stem no mantling beauties show,  
 The leaves are wither'd, and their glory lost.

The trees, that erst in verdant beauty gay,  
 Afforded umbrage from the solar heat;  
 Must now submit to autumn's pow'ful sway,  
 And strew their fading honours at his feet.

See!

See! all arround, one desolated scene,  
 'Tis now the faded, not the flow'ry lawn;  
 Yet still the humble daisy smiles serene,  
 Tho' FLORA has the gayer tribe withdrawn.

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## TO A FRIEND IN *AMERICA*.

### A POETICAL EPISTLE.

**W**ITH heart felt joy thy lines I did receive,  
 (The only solace, absent friends can give)  
 With raptures oft, I view'd each sentence o'er,  
 Hung on each line, and anxious long'd for more:  
 Not with more candour does the swain approve  
 The female's scroll, that feeds his ardent love.

Oft have I wish'd to view the fruitful clime  
 So well describ'd in thy historic rhyme;  
 By breast has panted, anxious to survey  
 That ample continent, and boundless sea,  
 Extensive woods, that tire the wand'ring eye  
 Where monsters huge, in secret ambush lie.  
 Oft in idea, have I breath'd the air,  
 Along the fertile banks of *DELAWARE*.  
 But now such thoughts have vanish'd from my  
 breast,  
 Since fell *BELLONA* rear'd her horrid crest;

In wrathful triumph now the goddess reigns,  
And dreadful carnage desolates the plains.

Not so the period on the lists of fame,  
When PENNSYLVANIA first receiv'd its name;  
Then British freemen sought the happy place,  
Where god-like PENN reform'd the savage race;  
He with mild precepts, taught th' untutor'd mind,  
And by example urg'd them to be kind.  
Thrice happy they! well might the muse presage  
That PENN would there renew the golden age.  
Peace, with her olive-branch there deign'd to reign,  
And genuine freedom, blest the happy swain;  
Then agriculture, with assiduous care,  
Did from rude forests neat plantations rear.

And shall ambition, with her frantic train,  
In search of empire, crush the helpless swain?  
Shall PHILADELPHIA,—dreadful to relate!  
While arts and commerce, join to make her great  
Like ancient CARTHAGE, share a hapless fate? }  
See hostile armies tow'rd's her confines bend,  
But heaven, I trust, will bid the carnage end.  
Deluded BRITONS! e'er it be too late,  
Speak peace I pray, and save a sinking state.



THE  
POLITICIAN, AND THE MORALIST.  
A TALE.

**W**ELL, honest WILFRID! what's the news?  
Does HENCOCK still our terms refuse?  
And is he bent with might and main,  
To risk another fierce campaign?  
His wretched soldiers, must, of course,  
Submit to our superior force;  
They, one and all (now take my word,)  
Must victims fall, to GAGE's sword.  
E'vn hardy vit'rans want the power,  
To brave the lion's angry roar.  
Great MARS, in his triumphal car,  
Adopts us BRITONS, sons of war.

No danger could our ardour check,  
When at the conquest of QUEBEC,  
Not rocks stupendous, could dismay,  
When thirst of glory led the way;  
With arduous steps the soldiers mov'd,  
To serve the gen'ral whom they lov'd:  
On him the \* goddess turn'd the scale,  
And great in death, the hero fell.

\* Victory.

Say

Say, shall the paltry congress dare  
 Usurp the trophies of our war?  
 Shall ROGERS dare to raise his head  
 Where BRITAIN'S laurel'd hero bled?  
 Rise BRITONS! in your just defence,  
 In drive the impious villian hence!

Breathe softly RICHARD! why so warm?  
 Your noise will all the house alarm.  
 In gent'ler accents speak your mind;  
 For pompous bombast is but wind;  
 Yet such as might whole hosts dismay  
 On 'tother side th' ATLANTIC sea.  
 Now after all this noise and stew,  
 You have advanced nothing new;  
 You talk aloud of BRITAIN'S glory,  
 And recite the mournful story;  
 How mighty WOLFE, for glory bled,  
 While laurel wreaths adorn'd his head.  
 What's that to th' purpose? pray relate  
 The merits of the grand debate.

Pray who disputes our martial force?  
 We're sons of valour, sure of course.  
 But let us not our laurels stain,  
 By heaps of slaughter'd brethern slain;  
 'Twere better far, to sheathe the sword,  
 Than draw down vengeance from the lord.  
 Tho' thoughtless mortals sport and smile,  
 Yet judgment hovers o'er our isle.

G

Stenr



Stern pestilence now stalks around,  
 And death in various shapes is found ;  
 See how the small-pox, dreadful name !  
 Attacks the infant's tender frame,  
 Who ill-prepar'd to brave its force,  
 Resigns its breath, a lifeless corse !

The burning fever's potent rage  
 Destroys its millions every age ;  
 The asthma too, deceitful power !  
 Commands its victims every hour.

Shall man presumptuous ! boldly dare  
 To talk of arms, and feats of war ?  
 When he, to whom he owes his breath,  
 Can soon consign him o'er to death !

Your rash expressions disavow,  
 Nor boast what BRITAIN'S arms can do :  
 But humbly let our souls adore  
 The sovereign of omnific power.

A STORM



A STORM OF SNOW. \*

**D**Ecember's blasts have spent their keenest rage,  
 Now JANUS ushers in the infant year;  
 The cloud-capt mountains direful storms presage,  
 While slow-descending snow-flakes now appear

Now on the slip'ry surface of the lake,  
 By frost conglutinated firm and strong;  
 Where polish'd skates the whiten'd furrow make,  
 The snow descends and cheats the jocund throng.

The flakes fall thicker, and with speed descend,  
 And far around extend their white domain;  
 The careful swains their tim'rous flocks attend,  
 Save those who've luckless wander'd from the plain.

The trav'ler now arriv'd, grotesque appears,  
 And bears the semblance of the sculptur'd stone;  
 Or iv'ry image, which PAGMALION rears,  
 Then fondly loves it in a female form.

But now my muse, assume a mournful strain,  
 Th' impetuous whirlwinds sweep along the heath;  
 The roaring billows vex the tortur'd main,  
 Huge vessels bulge, and threaten instant death.

G 2

O

\* This poem was occasioned by the death of a young man who perished in the snow.

On dreary HARTSIDE, † at the close of day,  
 A swain dejected, pensive "plods along,"  
 Where erst with ease, he trod the well known way,  
 Or whistled loud, or rais'd the chearful song.

Now night approaches—night! ill-boding sound!  
 To weary trav'ler, far from house or home;  
 When' sparkling glow-worms lead him devious  
 round,  
 Impell'd thro' fear, o'er ruggid paths to roam.

No glow-worms here perplex the wand'rer's fight,  
 Sad gloomy thoughts, his lab'ring mind employ;  
 His soul anticipates eternal night,  
 When torn from friends and every social joy.

What shall he do? beset with fears around,  
 Terrific phantoms 'fore his eyes appear;  
 The storm increases, rattling hail rebound,  
 All hopes are lost, no friendly aid is near.

He can no more—his drooping spirits fail,  
 How shall this last dire conflict now be born;  
 The storm redoubles, dreadful whirls assail,  
 And now he falls quite helpless and forlorn.

And

† The name of a mountain in Cumberland,

And now again the gath'ring storm invades,  
 By heav'n's decree, his destiny is told;  
 This night his soul must mix with kindred shades,  
 The virgin-snow must his pale coarse enfold.

Ah! little knew'st thou ill-befated swain,  
 (E'er thou to heav'n resign'd'st thy fleeting breath)  
 A few steps more thy cottage would regain,  
 Tho' none could shield thee from the arms of death

Ye sons of wealth, who share the rich repast  
 Whilst you with laughter shake the splendid dome;  
 Half-famish'd wretches, groaning breathe their last,  
 Whom timely aid had rescu'd from the tomb.

Let not the humble suppliant plead in vain,  
 Nor stop your ears when helpless orphans crave;  
 The trifling pittance meanly ne'er restrain,  
 For know, your states are equal in the grave.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE  
 IN THE  
 CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

GWORDY.

WHAT WILL! how dost a honest lad?  
 How's aw at heam? how's BETTY, how  
 is dad?

G 3

Let's

Let's shack thy neef—how faresta honest heart?

A's fain to see the', and as laith to part.

And is aw gayly wi'ye now at heam?

WILL.

Aw but my fadder—he has git'n a leam.

GWORDY.

A leam indeed—how pray'ye happen'd that?

WILL.

A'll tell the' barn—(thou kows my fadder's fat)

Thou kens his way how ev'ry funday mworn

He gits suen up, to gang and see the cworn;

He's duen sea twonty year for ought I know,

But 'till last thursday never gat a fo,

Nor had he than\*—but cheated wi the muen

He gat up stav'ling nin could tell how suen;

When at the top of our hee garret stairs,

(As luck wad heft) our BETTY's two tame hares

Sprang cros the room and sec a racket meade,

My fadder fell; and brack his shoulder bleade.

I woken'd suen, and louping out a bed,

Was freeten'd fear my fadder had been deed

Sea lapt my cranky neck-cleath round his heed.

Now think what a sad takan we war in—

Tom jumt up hofe asleep, and brack his shin.

Our sarvant man was daft and cou'd'nt see,

Fell ow'r my fadder's leg, and leam'd his knee,

'Twas

\* Generally used in Cumberland for then.

*The critic will please to observe, that, in this dialogue, I have endeavoured to copy nature, not grammar.*



'Twas but a stound—my fadder sarey man,  
 Cry'd help me up, guid barns, dua, if ye can!  
 Yan's swory than, for aw-yan's fuilish toak,  
 I wish'd him weel agane, and fuen to woak.

GWORDY.

And sea dov I—bud did ye kill the hares?

WILL.

Aye, that we dud, for ow our BETTY's prayers.  
 Puer filley gouk, she wing'd and gret full fear;  
 And beg'd my fadder wad "the victims spare."  
 But hur fine toke was on my fadder lost,  
 And BETT for yeance was in her fancy crost.

GWORDY.

I's swory for't—but let that stwory pass—  
 Tho' I'd been leath to've crost sea fine a lass.  
 It wad'nt been sea hard to've spar'd a puss—  
 Nay feav'd them beath, and sent them heam to us.  
 Our NAN wad been reet fain sic hares to keep,  
 A finer burth be hofe than hurden sheep.  
 And gif she be but a lang idle staik,  
 I'd pode her feed them weel for BETTY's sake.  
 And suaner than they e'er should suffer harm,  
 I'd murder'd ow the hounds within our farm.

WILL.

The dikars wad ta—who'd be mazlin than?  
 But wad ta deun sea much for sifter NAN?

I dread

I dread it mikle, yet for ow this jaw,  
 Thou likes thy sifter weel enough I know—  
 But I can gader now fra what t's said  
 'Tis BETT and nut our hares that stuffs the' head.  
 What seefta' at her—meaks she's nea greet things!  
 Yet still a's pleas'd whene'er the baggish sings.  
 She reads ow kind a' buiks as fast as hopps  
 Just like a parson tua, and minds her stops.  
 She reads the vurfes maistly in the news,  
 And toaks of conspiracy fra the muse.

## GWORDY.

I know that barn, ay ow'r weel I know,  
 The thoughts a' hur has bred me mickle woe,  
 Yet lith'd it still, and wad'nt let her know. }  
 But I was daft for be'n sea vara bleat,  
 When I've close tal hur shworn beath fuen, and late.

## WILL.

Thou dud I know—it was but 'tother week—  
 What said t' tull her? did ta never speak?

## GWORDY.

I cud'nt WILLY, words was far to seek.  
 I glim'd and luik'd, and luik'd and glim'd again,  
 She blusht and luik'd as gif I gave her pain,  
 I'd fain a talk'd, but still had nought to say,  
 And kept dum filence o the langsome day,

Then

Then towards neight I fell again a staine,  
 Slap went the sickle to the vara bain.  
 I hoded up my neef, to shew the mark,  
 She luik'd and laugh'd, and bad me mind my wark,  
 I blusht for sham, and tuik mysel away,  
 And has'nt seen her sen that swory day.

## WILL.

Puir filly maffin! thou was sarra'd reet,  
 For he deserves to starve that wullont eat.  
 Ah sackless soul! I wonder'd oft a leate,  
 What mead ta luik sea skar, and seem sea bleate;  
 But laal thought I, that GWORDY sigh'd for BETT,  
 (Nor is I sure but thou is jwoking yet)  
 If that be o, we'll find some way next week  
 'To bring her to the' and to make her speak;  
 But if thou gloupin fit and neathing say,  
 I know she'll fier, and laugh and run away.

## GWORDY.

I canna dua't—I canna set a seace,  
 Yet I can talk in ony other plaice,  
 I often think when worken be my sel,  
 What canny stwories I'll to BETTY tell;  
 But when I meet her, ow my stwory's gean,  
 And a's as mute as oney coble-staine.

## WILL.

O GWORDY, GWORDY! thou's been fuilish lang,  
 Thou's warcethen RALF, that garrac gammerstang;  
 A perfect

A perfect sweepless, muck up tull his een,  
 With clouted clogs, and fark nut ower clean;  
 Beside he's gleed, and swavels as he gangs,  
 Chews 'bacca tua, and shews his yellow fangs,  
 Thou wad'nt think, to see him in the freet,  
 He shawl'd a courting every winter neet;  
 And yet he does—and finds a deal a' jaw,  
 I lith'd him yeance, sea canna miss but know,  
 But seken toak, nin kent what 'twas about,  
 I stopt my lugs, for fear a snurting out.  
 What pleas'd him best, she warm'd him up some  
 keal

And RALF dud mak a varra fufome meal,  
 He sharp'd his gully, whang'd the bueted lease  
 I hotch'd and leug, but lay baith snug and seafe.  
 When RALF was stiv'd as fou as fue could be,  
 Baith pot and truncher tumel'd frae his knee,  
 I destly now crap out, I stay'd na lang,  
 I'd seen enough, 'twas time for me to gang.

GWORDY.

Thou's sek a fellow WILL for gibes and jwokes,  
 Thou's a sea queer, thou always pleases swoaks.  
 Had I thy gumshin, and thy gift a gob,  
 I need'nt sneek a hwoals and greet and sob;  
 O could I now but read your written hand,  
 Or rite me sel, I'd part wi hofe my land.  
 There's TOM our laird, for o his gentle luiks,  
 Tak's o his letters out a printed buiks.

Get

Get me yean duin, and let your BETTY see't  
'Twad dua my wark if't dud but make her greet.

## WILL

Speak tul her mun! mind weel what tu's about,  
BET's sec a dab she'd find thy letter out,  
Then wazes me, imo then wad be thy hwope,  
Gif thy fine letter could be fund i' pwope,

## GWORDY.

That's reet my lad—I find I was mistaen,  
Two heads thou kens is better a than yeane,  
But thu mud tell hur on't mun, if tu' wad,  
How for her seek poor GWORDY's ganging mad,  
Gif she be kangey, and my profer skworn,  
I'll never leeve to see another mworn,  
I mun away. I's thrang and bodder'd fair,  
If tu, maks gam, I'll never like t' mair.



## THE POET'S REMONSTRANCE

To A P O L L O.

**T**O thee, O Father of the tuneful throng,  
A penfive bard presents his doleful song.  
If on PARNASSUS' mount thou deign't to rove,  
Or holdest dalliance in CYTHERIA's grove;

Dismiss



Dismiss the muses, lend awhile thine ear,  
 Nor think thy votary beneath thy care.  
 Thou know'st full oft I've crav'd thy aid divine,  
 And made APOLLO blaze in many a line;  
 The mode to vary, and our souls to fire,  
 We stile thee PHOEBUS with thy golden lyre:  
 The muses too, do equal honours share  
 We make them still the objects of our prayer:  
 Like MANCHA's knight (to sober reason blind)  
 We woo our feigned mistress to be kind,  
 Her form angelic and her virgin train  
 Exist but in the bard's prolific brain,  
 To clear our quail-pipes, and to make us sing,  
 We feign to drink of the PIERIAN spring.  
 But now th' ideal phantoms disappear,  
 And nectar'd draughts I'd barter for small-beer.  
 We talk alas! of Jove's ambrosial feast,  
 Whilst we, poor souls! have nothing here to taste.  
 Such pictures tempt, but can't our bellies fill,  
 In anguish deep we gnaw th' insipid quill.  
 Pray what reward for all the poet's rhyme?  
 His nightly watchings, and his loss of time?  
 If fame be all, APOLLO, thou can'st give,  
 Grant me O PLUTUS! gold, and let me live;  
 Nor, let me share poor OTWAY's mournful fate,  
 Who dy'd of hunger, tho' he liv'd in state.

TRANS.

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 TRANSLATIONS.
 

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Part of the first Book of  
 TELEMACHUS,  
 ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

IN silent grief CALYPSO pensive sat,  
 And mourn'd in tears ULYSSES' hapless fate:  
 Th' immortal form she wore, did but increase  
 Her inward woe, and murder'd all her peace,  
 The grot, that erst with pleasing accents rung,  
 Repeats the wailings of the goddess' tongue.  
 " Shall I " she said, " such rankling tortures prove,  
 " And share the sorrows of a hopeless love ? "   
 When rage subsides, and milder passions reign,  
 She silent walks along the flow'ry plain;  
 For here the gods, propitious to this isle,  
 Bid spring eternal on her valleys smile.  
 The blooming meadows, and the fragrant groves,  
 Not the least portion of her grief removes,  
 But wakes th' Idea of their former loves. }  
 As thus she sat, and bath'd the beach with tears,  
 Before her eyes a shatter'd bark appears,

H

A rudder

A rudder now, and now a broken oar,  
 And masts and cordage float along the shore.  
 To view such wreck th' afflicted goddess sigh'd,  
 When lo! two men at distance she descri'd;  
 One aged seem'd, the other graceful mov'd,  
 And bore the semblance of the man she lov'd;  
 His graceful aspect and majestic air,  
 Too strongly prov'd ULYSSES' son was there:  
 She knew the hero who such laurels won,  
 And trac'd his features in his darling son.  
 Her inward joy the goddess now suppress,  
 And thus the young TELEMACHUS address.  
 What strange delusion could your hearts beguile  
 To land presumptuous, on CALYPSO's isle?  
 Yet know, young stranger, e'er you reach the main,  
 I'll pay your rash temerity with pain!  
 In vain the goddess labour'd to disguise  
 The ardent love that sparkled in her eyes:  
 The youth observ'd the softness of her eye,  
 And with resistless grace did thus reply.  
 Immortal power! a gracious ear incline,  
 (Your looks bespeak your origin divine)  
 Commiserate a youth, whom filial love  
 Thus prompts amid the wat'ry world to rove.  
 I seek my father, whom the fates have driven  
 O'er rocks and seas, the sport of angry heav'n.  
 If yet he lives I've labour'd to explore,  
 Till fate relentless, cast me on this shore.

Out

Our hopes alas! are with our vessel lost,  
 For both are wreck'd upon your peaceful coast.  
 Who is your father? said th' immortal maid,  
 (Who seem'd mov'd with what the stranger said)  
 ULYSSES is his name, the youth rejoin'd,  
 A name for ever graven on my mind;  
 He's one of those great kings, who now enjoy  
 Th' immortal fame of having conquer'd TROY.  
 My father's name is thro' all GREECE renown'd,  
 As much for wisdom as for valour crown'd!  
 Alas! he wanders now o'er distant seas,  
 Nor will the angry gods their rage appease.  
 His wife PENELOPE, in silent grief  
 His fate laments, nor hopes to find relief,  
 And I his son, whom fate has hither driv'n  
 Hope only to behold his face in heaven.  
 But if to you O goddess! it be known  
 What destiny has with my father done;  
 In pity to my youth and tender years  
 Inform me streight, and dry up all my tears:

As thus the hero did his woes recite,  
 CALYPSO's bosom glow'd with soft delight,  
 His youthful bloom her tender bosom mov'd,  
 His fate she pity'd, and his form she lov'd.  
 His manly wisdom fill'd her with surprize,  
 Nor from him scarcely could she turn her eyes:  
 In silent wonder she the youth survey'd,  
 Then with a smile thus to the hero said;

H 2

Suspend

Suspend your grief, young prince, whilst I relate,  
 What various woes on great ULYSSES wait;  
 The tale is long, you're now with toil oppress'd,  
 And weary'd nature calls aloud for rest;  
 Due respite then here in my grotto take,  
 And I'll protect you for your father's sake;  
 Take comfort here, all toils and dangers shun,  
 And you shall be as my adopted son:  
 Here dwell secure, where dangers ne'er annoy,  
 And with CALYPSO share immortal joy.

Her soothing words such raptures did impart,  
 As pierc'd resistless to the hero's heart.  
 With graceful ease she trod the verdant ground,  
 And far surpass'd in height, the nymphs around.  
 So stands the oak that mocks the western breeze,  
 And lifts its branches 'bove th' adjacent trees.  
 Her hair was bound with negligence behind,  
 And in soft ringlets wanton'd in the wind;  
 The dazzling lustre of her beauteous face,  
 Where sport the loves and ev'ry smiling grace;  
 Her mein majestic, and her loose attire,  
 Subdu'd his heart and kindl'd soft desire.  
 Led by the radiance of CALYPSO's eyes,  
 Th' astonish'd hero follow'd with surprize.  
 Th' observant sage, who saw the impending woe,  
 With down-cast eyes mov'd venerably slow.

Meantime



Meantime the goddess tow'rd the grotto drew,  
 And all the prospect open'd to the view ;  
 No silver ornaments their eyes behold,  
 Or nice devices wrought in beaten gold ;  
 No marble columns their glitt'ring rays impart,  
 Nor one faint relic of the painter's art ;  
 Yet nature's charms did all united meet.  
 And made the prospect elegantly neat.  
 The rocky entrance claim'd th' attention most,  
 Adorn'd with shells in curious forms embost,  
 For tapestry here the tendrills of the vine,  
 Did all around in reg'lar order twine :  
 The arched roof, by simple nature deckt,  
 Did on the eye unnumber'd rays reflect.  
 The purling rills were heard to murmur round,  
 And amarintus and vi'lets deck'd the ground.  
 Here crystal baths their humid stores unite,  
 And throw th' inverted landscape on the sight.  
 Soft breathing zephyrs round the grotto play,  
 T' augment the cooling breeze, and temper PHOE-  
 BUS' ray.

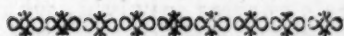
On all sides round, the strangers now behold  
 The trees that teem with vegetable gold ;  
 These never fade, but always gay appear,  
 And bloom incessant thro' the changeful year.  
 In verdure clad, they rear their lofty heads,  
 Exclude the solar ray, and crown the meads.

The feather'd warblers from each distant shade,  
Exalt their notes, and form a serenade.

High on the rock adjacent to the wood,  
In stately pride, CALYPSO's grotto stood;  
From whence the eye with rev'rence might survey,  
The pleasing prospect of the boundless sea:  
Oft times so smooth the peaceful waters glide,  
That you may view the landscape in the tide;  
Now swoln with rage the foaming surges roar,  
And spend their rage against the peaceful shore.

Not distant far, and adverse to the main,  
A copious river steals along the plain;  
Hence branching off, in channels flow around,  
Form flow'ry isles with lofty poplars crown'd.  
Each various channel steers a diff'rent course  
Some roll their limpid streams with rapid force, }  
Whilst others strive to reascend their source.  
The neighb'ring mounts, the purple grapes adorn,  
And spread their lustre to the rosy morn.

VENUS



# VENUS AND CUPID

VANQUISH'D BY MINERVA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF  
TELEMACHUS.

**M**Eantime high hov'ring in the buxom air,  
I saw love's queen in all her charms appear.  
Her sportive son, who conquers potent kings,  
Flew round the fair, and wav'd his purple wings.  
His blooming face wore an enchanting smile,  
Yet seem'd too pregnant with deceit and guile;  
Tho' grace and sweetness in his form appear,  
His eyes seem piercing, awful, and severe.

I now perceiv'd, (as I the urchin ey'd)  
A golden quiver sparkling by his side;  
From which, with eager haste he snatch'd a dart,  
Quick strung the bow, and aim'd to pierce my  
heart,  
Whate'er the cause a recent proof was given,  
That I was the peculiar care of heaven.  
For now MINERVA, with impetuous speed,  
From azure realms descended to my aid.  
Th' impassive Ægis, midst the air she held,  
And CUPID's dart fell harmlets on the field.

Midst

'Midst beauty's charms involv'd, what could I do  
 But now indulge a momentary view?  
 For ne'er before did I survey such grace  
 As shone resistless, in MINERVA's face.  
 No am'rous langour in her looks was seen,  
 But all seem'd lovely, placid, and serene.  
 Her robe tho' plain, was elegant design'd,  
 A striking semblance of her virtuous mind.  
 " Begone rash boy! " the heav'nly goddess cry'd,  
 Let this repulse restrain thy wanton pride;  
 " For know, vain youth! would men to me apply,  
 " They'd rise superior, and thy shafts defy. "   
 Thus spoke the goddess, crown'd with radiant light,  
 The vanquish'd god prepar'd himself for flight,  
 Love's wanton queen, now reascends her car,  
 And to OLYMPUS whirls thro' liquid air,  
 The pleasing sight my wond'ring eyes pursu'd,  
 'Till she was lost amidst an azure cloud;  
 Then turning swift, I found myself alone,  
 My kind protectress, now alas! was gone!

### EX TEMPORE VERSES,

PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY, ALONG WITH  
 A LOVE EPISTLE, WHICH THE AUTHOR HAD  
 COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE.

**N**OT thee bright PHOEBUS, nor the sacred nine,  
 Do I invoke to aid this verse of mine,  
 But

But thee fair VENUS, aid my humble verse,  
 The theme which thou inspir'd, do thou rehearse.  
 Three hours past noon, as at the door I stood,  
 Quite unattentive, and in careless mood;  
 A nymph appear'd, and from her bosom drew  
 This grateful scroll which I present to you.  
 No winged MERCURY (as poets sing)  
 Nor airy sylph, did the fair message bring;  
 But earthly born, compos'd of parts complex,  
 And bore the semblance of the softer sex;  
 Hence, safe conclude no magic's in the lines,  
 Save love persuasive which the soul refines,

Ah! had'st thou known the trust repos'd in me  
 Thou'dst been involv'd in sad perplexity;  
 Or had I been the rival of the day,  
 My heart had envy'd what my hands convey;  
 But 'tis not thus—I wish the swain success  
 Who needs no help to aid his soft address;  
 So now conclude the artless poet's lays  
 Who to thy charms his duteous homage pays.



DRAWN IN HER CHARIOT BY SEA-HORSES,  
FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF CAMBRAY'S  
TELEMACHUS.

THE ocean now displays a glorious fight  
And smiles beneath the goddess AMPHITRITE,  
Who from her oozy cell with all her train,  
Now skims the surface of the liquid main;  
The dolphins now her faithful heralds are  
To guard the passage with assiduous care;  
Meantime, with all their strength, they spout on  
high

The briny wave, and shew the goddess nigh.  
The Tritons next appear, with aspect fierce,  
In gen'ral chorus join, and flowing verse;  
And on their tuneful shells the goddess' charms  
rehearse.

Now on the waves, th' imperial chariot view,  
Of burnish'd shells compos'd of ivory hue,  
The golden wheels, with precious stones bedeck'd,  
Illume the main, and livid flames reflect,  
Six rampant steeds, the splendid carriage draw,  
For glowing white surpass the falling snow ;

# The

The Tritons scarce, their fiery course restrain,  
 They rage, they foam, and champ the golden rein,  
 Th' attendant nymphs, with flow'ry garlands  
 crown'd

A lovely sight! the regal car surround.  
 The goddess all her radiant beauties shew,  
 And marks the homage which the nymphs bestow.  
 The golden sceptre of supreme command,  
 Now shines refulgent in her snowy hand.  
 Lessauteous far the CYPRIAN queen appear'd,  
 When from the waves her radiant form she rear'd.  
 PALEMON young, array'd in purple dress,  
 The goddess owns, and does the youth carress;  
 He plays and fondles with his mother's hair,  
 And tho' a god, an infant does appear.  
 The gentle zephyrs swell the purple sail,  
 And fan them gently with the fragrant gale;  
 While blust'ring ÆOLUS, with his furrow'd brow,  
 Commands the winds, nor lets the tempest blow.  
 The tritons now assume a louder strain,  
 And rouse the monsters from the distant main:  
 In copious shoals th' enormous monsters play,  
 And sport unanimous on th' auspicious day?  
 The shark, the whale, distend their dreadful throats,  
 And dance unwieldly to discordant notes;  
 The scaly progeny, a numerous train,  
 Exulting own the goddess of the main.

THE STORY OF CARAZAN  
FROM THE ADVENTURER.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

**I**N wealthy BAGDAT (Asia's pride and boast,  
Fraught with the product of each neighb'ring  
coast)  
Liv'd CARAZAN, in pomp and regal state,  
Whom avarice alone had render'd great.  
His birth was mean, his origin obscure,  
Yet constant care did ample wealth procure.  
His jealous soul would not one mortal trust,  
Yet was himself inexorably just.  
Whether in men he nothing could behold  
But constant perfidy and love of gold;  
Or that he saw consummate joy and peace,  
And his importance with his wealth increase;  
Whate'er the cause, the muse must here confess,  
The more he priz'd his wealth he us'd it less;  
And like too many more at this good hour,  
Did the least good when most was in his power.  
So with his years his avarice increas'd,  
And soft compassion left his fordid breast.  
But tho' his ears were shut to pen'ry's cry,  
Nor gave to indigence the least supply;

A

At stated hours he'd to the mosque repair,  
 And offer up the hypocritic prayer.  
 Devotion's rites, he punctually obey'd,  
 And thrice to MECCA had the pilgrim stray'd.  
 Tho' hypocrites, to cheat poor mortal's eyes,  
 With hearts polluted offer sacrifice;  
 Devotion true, the muse must still revere,  
 For God regards the heart that is sincere.  
 Who worships right, adheres to nature's plan,  
 Where love of God includes the love of man;  
 Each kindred virtue, here exalted shines,  
 Beneficence with gratitude combines;  
 Such God-like acts, new dignities reflect,  
 Demand our love, and challenge our respect.  
 But when the selfish wretch attempts to hide,  
 (In all the pomp of superstitious pride,)  
 His impious heart from God's omniscient eye,  
 And asks of grace divine a fresh supply;  
 Such guilt must still our just abhorrence claim,  
 For formalists and hypocrites, are still the same.

When CARAZAN had turn'd his † zechins o'er  
 With circumspective eye, and lock'd the door;  
 With aspect grave, he'd to the mosque repair,  
 Fall on his knees, and cant a verbal prayer.  
 His wealth was known, yet all despis'd the man:  
 And such the state of wretched CARAZAN :

I

When

† A gold coin, value 9s.

When lo! a herald now proclaim'd aloud,  
 (And claim'd the notice of the attentive croud,)
 That CARAZAN had left his frugal state  
 And now appear'd magnificently great.  
 That for the poor, his table now was spread,  
 And strangers all were welcome to his bed,  
 But scarcely was the proclamation o'er,  
 When num'rous crowds were gather'd round his  
 door,

Where they behold him now with soften'd eye,  
 Distribute bread to all that would apply;  
 He cloath'd the naked, gave the hungry bread,  
 And suppliant crowds, were at his table fed.  
 His lib'ral acts, did gratitude excite,  
 And his wan cheek now glow'd with soft delight.  
 Th' astonish'd crowd with admiration stare,  
 Whilst murm'ring accents vib'rate thro' the air;  
 The grateful donor beckon'd with his hand,  
 And mute attention hush'd the num'rous band.  
 An awful rev'rence smote his conscious breast,  
 And thus the curious audience he address'd.

He who from chaos rude, bid order rise,  
 Whose touch, the mountains melts, or shakes the  
 skies;

To the Almighty God, who rules in heav'n,  
 Be everlasting praise and honour giv'n!  
 He has in sleep convey'd instruction kind,  
 And in night visions has reprov'd my mind.

As



As all alone I in my haram sat,  
 Exulting in my wealth, and high estate;  
 The hand of him, who form'd the earth and skies,  
 Bid sleep descend and seal my watchful eyes;  
 When frightful visions, did my soul molest,  
 And direful tortures drove away my rest.  
 Methought I saw, fierce as the whirl-winds breath  
 Man's direful foe, the messenger of death!  
 In vain I strove t' evade the dreadful blow,  
 Or steal from such a formidable foe.  
 From gross materiality unbound,  
 The active soul was lifted from the ground;  
 Hence rapid through the regions of the air.  
 The spirit darts its final doom to share.  
 The lesser orbs did into atoms run  
 And ev'ry star beam'd radiant as the sun.  
 The gates of paradise were now in sight,  
 And all appear'd ineffable and bright.  
 I now perceiv'd, with awful dread and fear.  
 My final sentence was approaching near;  
 The period oft despis'd was come at last,  
 And my short day of visitation past;  
 Guilt's catalogue was now before me plac'd,  
 Nor could one crime be from the list erac'd;  
 From reasons similar, I understood,  
 That nothing could be added to the good.

When I perceiv'd all former scenes were past,  
 And for eternity my lot was cast;

When the omnipotent, the word had spoke,  
 Which, not all nature's powers could revoke;  
 Trembling I stood, with guilt and horror chill'd,  
 And with confusion dire my soul was fill'd:  
 As thus in torpid silence now I sat,  
 A flaming seraph, thus pronounc'd my fate.  
 " Thy worship's not accepted CARAZAN,  
 " 'Cause 'tis not prompted by the love of man;  
 " The fervent soul the deity respects,  
 " But feigned prayers th' omniscient God rejects!  
 " For thy own sake, thou gav'st each man his due;  
 " But self was still the object first in view;  
 " Thy prayers are vain, thy only god is self,  
 " And all thy love is center'd in thyself;  
 " Thou hast not look'd with gratitude around,  
 " And kindness ne'er was in thy bosom found.  
 " Thou hast indeed seen vice triumphant reign,  
 " And folly lead her mad fantastic train;  
 " Should vice acquit thee, yet thou'rt unforgiven,  
 " For vice condemns the bounteous hand of hea'vn:  
 " If not upon the vain licentious crew,  
 " Where shall the clouds distil their balmy dew?  
 " If not upon the thoughtless and the gay,  
 " Where shall the sun diffuse his chearing ray?  
 " Where shall the Spring her breathing fragrance  
 " blow?  
 " Or teeming Autumn all his fruits bestow?  
 " Didst thou e'er feel for poverty distress?  
 " Or did soft pity ever touch thy breast?

"All

" All thy desires, thy worship, and thy self,  
 " Were center'd in thy despicable self.  
 " This punishment must for thy guilt atone,  
 " For ever hence, thou must subsist alone:  
 " From all society, and light of heav'n,  
 " Thou must, henceforth, eternally be driv'n;  
 " Where solitude, shall still augment thy care,  
 " And aggravate the horrors of despair. " —  
 My soul impell'd, now took a rapid flight,  
 Through the vast system of created light;  
 Thought ca'n't conceive how dreadful and how fast,  
 Through num'rous worlds I in a moment past. —  
 As I approach'd the verge of nature's bound.  
 Where ten-fold night, envelops all around;  
 A joyless region, form'd for woe and pain,  
 Where darkness holds her solitary reign;  
 The boundless vacuum, open'd on my sight,  
 And in my lab'ring soul, dread horror did excite!  
 When thus I spake, as anguish did inspire,  
 With all the ardency of fierce desire.  
 " Had I been doom'd eternally to dwell,  
 " In the parch'd regions of a milder hell;  
 " Where I with fiends society might share,  
 " T' alleviate the horrors of despair:  
 " Tho' scorching flames would sharpening pains  
     " excite,  
 " They'd not exclude the cheering rays of light.  
 " Or had a comet been my destin'd place,  
 " To roam around th' illimitable space;

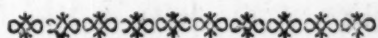
' To wander lonely far from human sight,  
 " And in a thousand years return to light,  
 " Those periods then, however far remote,  
 " Would cheer at intervals, each gloomy thought."

Whilst this reflection did employ my care,  
 I now lost sight of the remotest star.  
 All nature's works were vanish'd from my sight,  
 With the last glim'mring of departing light;  
 Thus far from every habitable world,  
 My spirit was with rapid fury hurl'd.  
 When this reflection struck my soul at last,  
 That when ten thousand thousand years were past;  
 When vengeance had pursu'd my frightened soul,  
 From nature's center to her utmost pole;  
 I should no end nor intermission know,  
 But range incessant through each scene of woe;  
 I stretch'd my arms towards the realms of light,  
 Th' emotion wak'd me, and remov'd the fright.

Thus in a vision has my mind been taught,  
 To prize each various blessing as it ought;  
 My heart is warm'd with love and fervent zeal,  
 That you may share the happiness I feel;  
 Wealth's but a curse, (if rightly understood,)
 Unless it is employ'd in doing good.  
 The meanest wretch who crawls beneath the heav'n,  
 Would, in that solitude where I was driv'n,  
 Been more esteem'd by me, and prized more,  
 Than all the gems on rich COLCONDO's shore.

When

When CARAZAN had this reflection made,  
 He look'd with gratitude, and fervant pray'd;  
 The audience all with wonder stood alarm'd,  
 The precepts pleas'd 'em, but th' example charm'd,



THE TRANSFORMATION OF MENTOR,  
 FROM THE LAST BOOK OF CAMBRAY'S  
 TELEMACHUS.

THUS MENTOR clos'd his speech—when soon  
 as done,

ITHACA's prince, impatient to be gone,  
 Now hears with joy, the foaming billows roar,  
 Bids launch the bark, and quit the hateful shore,  
 Meantime the sage, who knew his youthful fire,  
 Retards his steps, and checks his fond desire,  
 Conveys reproof, with countenance severe,  
 Then bids the youth two verdant altars rear;  
 Enjoins him freight, an offering to prepare,  
 And thank MINERVA, for her partial care;  
 Give homage due, for all his laurels won,  
 To the kind guardian of ULLYSES' son.  
 The altars rais'd, the destin'd victims die,  
 The smoke in curling wreaths ascends the sky;  
 ITHACA's Prince now lifts his eyes to heav'n,  
 And thanks the power, for all her favours giv'n.  
 The



The rites perform'd, the rev'rend MENTOR led  
 The youth reluctant to the gloomy shade,  
 When lo! a light refulgent from above  
 Reflects a rad'ance thro' the fragrant grove,  
 T' augment the amazing scene, now, quick as  
 thought,

In MENTOR's face, a wond'rous change is wrought,  
 His rev'rent wrinkles quickly disappear,  
 His eyes no more their usual fierceness wear;  
 The voice of MENTOR, is no longer heard,  
 His aged chin, resigns the manly beard:  
 Celestial grace adorns his placid brow,  
 His sparkling eyes with heav'nly azure glow;  
 His furrow'd features (wond'rous to declare!)  
 Are chang'd to female charms, divinely fair!  
 Her rosy cheeks display peculiar grace,  
 Eternal youth sits blooming on her face;  
 Her glowing vestments glitter on the sight,  
 As PHOEBUS' rays dispel the shades of night.  
 The earth no longer does the goddess bear,  
 She gently glides and cuts the yielding air.  
 In her right hand she grasps a glitt'ring spear,  
 That might dismay the mighty god of war;  
 The splendid Ægis flames upon her breast,  
 And on her helm th' Athenian bird is plac'd.  
 Th' astonish'd youth, the heav'nly form beheld  
 While sweets ambrosial from her locks distill'd.  
 She smiling stood—the youth prepar'd to speak,  
 The pow'rs of speech his quiv'ring lips forsake.



## AN ESSAY ON FAME.

THE love of fame, or an ardent desire to appear of some importance amongst our fellow mortals, is a passion so universal, and so deeply implanted in the mind of man, that it is almost impossible to eradicate it, either by the solemn admonitions of the divine, or the more poignant lashes of the satyrift. Dr. YOUNG, who was not only an excellent divine, but a severe satyrift, has handled the subject with great wit and judgment, and has hit off several characters with great precision; yet so intollerably blind are men to their own failings that I believe few of his readers find the least trait of their own characters; tho' upon an exact scrutiny there would appear so near a resemblance, so striking a copy, that one would almost be inclin'd to imagine ones' self the original.—for instance—

How many HIPOLLITUS's and FLORIO's are there, who profess to be great admirers of Dr. YOUNG's satyres, who at the same time cease not to remain, with unabated ardour, HIPOLLITUS's and FLORIO's still? It were an endless task to descant on all the various methods to acquire fame

same, shall therefore confine myself to that of literary fame, and in the first place, I shall beg leave to premise, that where, one person fails to get access to the goddess, thro' the want of a liberal education, there are ten classical scholars (as they call themselves) who become the buts of public ridicule, thro' the want of studying nature, and fixing a proper estimate on their own abilities. The former is diffident of himself, and can hardly be persuaded that any attempt of his, can ever merit the approbation of men of refined taste and erudition; whilst the latter, is proud, arrogant, replete with high conceits of himself, entertains not the least dispute of the brilliancy of his mental powers; hence he blunders on, patches up a piece which he intrudes upon the editors of some periodical work, till at last he is discover'd to be, what nature design'd him, an empty vacuum.

Of this class, is the p<sup>r</sup>im NARCISSUS, the son of a wealthy Esquire in the north. His father (like many fond fathers) is determined that his son shall not disgrace the dignity of the family, by engaging in any merchantile employment, but flatters himself, that he shall one day shine a distinguished luminary either at the pulpit or the bar. He accordingly (after having had the mortification of hearing of his having been whipt thro' the common rudiments of the schools,) sends him

him to OXFORD, where after having continued five years, during which term he failed not to distinguish himself in every branch, not of literature, but in every species of licentiousness and debauchery; he is now sent for home, to shine in his particular department. (not knowing as yet, what sphere he was to move in, for his father had been repeatedly informed that his son's genius was universal,) he returns, mightily improv'd, not in knowledge, but in exterior accomplishments. I mean foppery and insignificancy; which the ignorant call polite breeding.

His vast importance is first displayed, in an avowed contempt of all his former acquaintances and school fellows; he next affects the company of gentlemen of rank, or those of distinguished abilities. But he does not rest here, he is determined to convince the world that his intellects are not inferior to his exterior, and that he did not go to college for nothing. His vast capacious mind, is not to be restrained by his father (who now begins to dread the effects of his temerity) he lays the plan of a dramatic piece, but failing in this grand design, he contents himself with composing a love poem, which he presents to his favourite Miss; who, upon shewing it to one of her female acquaintances, who happened to have more penetration than our academic bard; a copy was

was procured, which (as luck would have it) fell into the hands of the wits of the town, who, so miserably maul'd and mutilated it, that our hero, was obliged to keep close quarters for about a fortnight to avoid the torrent of ridicule, that would inevitably have fallen upon him. When the storm subsided, he ventured out again, and tho' he has lost the character of a pastoral poet, yet he passes for a wit amongst the too indulgent females, who fail not to compliment him on the brilliancy of his bon-mots and repartees.

NOTUCIA, is a character of some consequence, at least, in his own opinion. He may be seen alive, not 300 miles from the capital. This remarkable personage takes a crafty method to gain a passport thro' the gates of fame. He has from nature, a mysterious physiognomy, and as he preserves a constant uniform behaviour, he is thought by many to be a vast knowing young man. Now the method he takes to preserve this character is this: Whenever in any company, let the conversation turn upon what subject it may, our modern SOCRATES preserves a profound taciturnity. He has an excellent memory, and as he gives great attention, he has all by heart that is said; and as opportunity presents, he throws new lights upon many points in politics, which were thought by many to be inextricable.

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CORNUTO, is another candidate for fame. He is incessantly reading, and when any extraordinary occurrence happens, such as the death of a LYTLETON or a CUNNINGHAM, he must display his erudition in the pastoral strain; he accordingly patches up a piece, chiefly abstracted from other authors, interlarded here and there with a wretched line of his own, which he takes care to introduce as soon as possible, and that amongst a company of illiterate peasants, who know as much of poetry as they do of *Euclid's Elements of Philosophy*. After HODGE has repeatedly expressed his admiration and wondered how Mr. CORNUTO could ever think of so many fine "varces, and bring in things sea pat in rhyme" our bard (who thinks himself greater than HOMER) puts up his elegant composition with great gravity, having first made this remark "that he could have done good pieces once in his time." He takes care however, that none of his productions shall ever come out of his own hands. A friend of mine, on requesting the favour of a transcript of his elegy on Mr. CUNNINGHAM, got for answer, That he did not chuse that his pieces should be mixt amongst the fugitive pieces in the magazines, and that his modesty would not suffer them to be made public in any other manner. His friend construes this reserve, to be a mark of singular merit, and a proof

of an amazing genius, tho' in fact he is as arrant a blockhead as ever was dub'd a priest.

I shall conclude this short essay, with the introduction of one character more, which may convince the unprejudiced, that my pen is not so immers'd in venom, but it can give merit its due, tho' there is not a greater enemy to *learned dunces*. — PHILANDER, is a youth of 18 years of age, who resides at a small villiage not 300 miles from the metropolis; he never went to school three years in his whole life, so consequently cannot be supposed to have much acquired knowledge, nevertheless he promises fair for making a considerable figure in the republic of letters. It was mere accident that first brought me to the acquaintance of his modest merit: A friend of mine, who is his neighbour, shewed me a specimen of his abilities in the poetic walk, which for its peculiar elegance, charmed and amazed me. The subject was a picturesque description of Summer. The poetry as well as the imagery, was just, and flow'd with much ease and elegance.

It is probable the public may in time, be favoured with a specimen of his extraordinary talents, but I'm rather apprehensive his modesty will not permit him to consent to the publication of his pieces, for he seems to have adopted the sentiments of  
 Mrs

Mr. POPE, so beautifully set forth in the following lines.

- “ What’s fame? a fancy’d life in others breath,  
 “ A thing beyond us e’vn before our death.  
 “ Just what you hear, you have; and what’s unknown  
 “ The same (my lord) it TULLY’S or your own.

I would only infer from the above, that the love of fame, when pursued in an honourable manner, is a laudable ambition, and excites to great and noble pursuits, but would have none to build upon other men’s works, lest their most strenuous efforts to gain admittance to the temple of the goddess, be entirely frustrated, and their ignorance conspicuously shewn.



#### REFLECTIONS

### ON POPULAR APPLAUSE.

THERE is no harmony so soothing to the ears of man, as the adulating accents of popular applause. This passion is universal; not confined to any particular set of men, but may be traced through all the various classes of mankind. The epicure courts it as much as the man of literature. The low punster lays as valid a claim

to it as the most profound connoisseur in politics. The poet (tho' not the least deserving) generally comes off with a small share, especially if he happens to be poor (as is generally the case) and sign his name to his productions. And yet I have known a bon-mot, or rapartee, when spoken by a noble lord, applauded as a piece of rare wit, (tho' as dull as the dullest line in *Colly Cibber's birthday odes*) when at the same time, the most poignant flashes of genuine humour, when spoken by a person of inferior distinction, not enobled by a pompous title, have been neglected, nay perhaps contemned as the most consummate impertinence.

Thus we see, wit is only allied to nobility and French critics: But if a poor Englishman lay any claim to it, both he and his colleague must, as the humorous GEORGE ALEX. STEPHENS shrewdly remarks, "die of mere hunger." I have frequently remarked, that the desire of applause, resides no where more, than amongst the declaimers against it, and where real merit and genius dwell. Though our ingenious English bard, Mr. POPE, so elegantly expresses the emptiness of it in the following beautiful lines:

"One self approving hour, whole years outweighs,  
"Of stupid flarers, and of loud huzza's." Ethic Epist

Yet it is well known he was a staunch candidate  
himself.

himself. Dr. YOUNG seems to be conscious of the prevalency of this desire, when he says,

" 'Tis torry, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads;

" Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades."

Young's Satires.

Though genuine merit is entitled to popular applause, yet we never bestow it, but when the candidates sue modestly for it; and what is extraordinary, yet true, we always like to bestow it on those whom we know nothing of.

Mr. POPE knew this truth well; for which reason he sent his juvenile productions first abroad, either under fictitious signatures, or what is much the same, entirely anonymous. By this method he came to know how they took, without incurring the danger of being publicly censured; but when he had secured the applause of the literati, he did not scruple to avow himself the author, well knowing, that when a set of men have declared their opinions, there is no receding without having their own judgments brought in question.

Mr. RICHARDSON, author of *Clarissa*, doubtless, availed himself of this expedient, otherwise he (a printer) had never been pronounced (tho' he merited the title) the politest writer of the age.

'Tis not surprising that men should be so loath to give the sanction due to extraordinary merit,



if we only consider the state of man. For so long as men continue to be so malicious, cruel, haughty, insolent and vain-glorious, it is unreasonable for any person to surmise that such a phænomena can happen; it is repugnant to the nature of things: But above all never shew your literary performances to the man who has engrossed vast wealth by fraud and rapine: His ideas are gross. He offers incense to mammon only. No talents are of any weight with him, except sonorous metal. The man who is not possessed of, at least a plumb, is in his eyes, an insignificant being. His heart is callous to the feelings of humanity. Penury's plaintive strains, reach no further than his ear.

There are but two methods, that I know of, to acquire applause, the first expedient is, to flatter the peculiar prejudices of the common herd of mankind. Pay vast eulogiums on the fashionable diversions of the age. Extol the polite accomplishments of the dancing-school; comment on the dramatic powers of SHAKESPEARE; and you need not fear gaining popular applause.—Or if you pant for literary fame, with unabated ardour, make interest to have one of your pieces inserted amongst the posthumous writings of VOLTAIRE: Then you will be accounted a luminary of the first order. VOLTAIRE, is the wonder of the world! a prodigy in nature! tho' a writer of the  
loofest

loosest principles. His *Letters on the English nation*, are replete with palpable falsehoods, and where he attempts to be witty, he is always unpardonably loose: Yet so infatuated are our countrymen with foreign wit, that they will adopt the writings of this infidel, though his subjects are generally disfigured by profane ridicule, and sometimes blasphemy.—His *White Ox*, so much in vogue, is a scandalous production, and proves the author to be void of all pretensions to religion. To conclude, I am not of opinion (as many are) that those are the ablest writers, whose works are the most voluminous. On the contrary, I think that if Mr. POPE had never wrote any thing but the *Messiah*, he would have been ranked amongst the capital authors in the English language:

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## ON DETRACTION.

THERE is not, in my opinion, any moral evil (that does not come within the cognizance of the law) which is so diabolical in itself, and so pernicious to society, as detraction. Many instances might be given of particular acts of cruelty and oppression practised on individuals, of so private

vate a nature, as to admit of a compensation: But detraction is a species of ingratitude, for which all the united efforts of nature are insufficient to make an adequate attonement. Calumny is a wound of so baneful a nature, that it can never be thoroughly healed, nor is it possible to efface the indelible mark. The reason appears to me quite obvious. It is because the generality of the human species, are so conscious of their own evil propensities, and what they would naturally accede to, if screened from the view of mankind; and what they would acquiesce in, were their own interest concerned; that they are ever ready to listen to, and implicitly believe, any scandalous report that bears any marks of probability. Nay, tho' the tale should appear ever so extravagant and absurd to persons of impartial judgment; yet the malicious minded will swallow the greatest absurdities, and even if possible exaggerate them, in hopes of ruining the reputation of a person whom they conceive, obtains a greater portion than themselves, of public approbation. In vain does the innocent man attempt to wipe away the stain, by making the most rational and plausible vindication of his innocence. He is generally listened to with an air of inattention, accompanied with a malicious smile, than which, nothing is more unmannerly and insulting; or excites a keener resentment in the

the discerning and ingenuous mind. Happily has the royal poet, express the nature of these pests to society.

“ Their poison, is the poison of a serpent :  
they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear.”

If persons of this stamp, would but make one moments reflection, and take a slight survey of their own hearts, I am inclined to think they would find reason to despise themselves. Let them endeavour to draw up in one point of view, the black catalogue of crimes which they have committed in the sight of God, tho' unknown to mankind ; then let them ask themselves the following questions.

In what light should I appear, what would men think of me, were they acquainted with all those infamous actions which I have committed in the sight of Him from whom nothing can be sequestered ? Are they less heinous and detestable, because a poor finite creature knows them not ? Can any thing be more unjust, than for me to publish the slight failures of others, while at the same time I am so industrious in concealing crimes of my own, which are much more reprehensible. But above all, what a monster in nature must I be, to forge  
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an infamous lie, and propagate it abroad, merely to blast the reputation of a man who is in every respect, better than myself?

I have often thought that detractors are stimulated to the exercise of their diabolical art, by forming a wrong estimate of the nature of things.

The calumniator falsely imagines, that when a person is particularly distinguished for his natural or acquired abilities, such distinction does of consequence naturally reflect dishonour on himself, because, according to his own opinion, he is altogether as sprightly and as accomplished as the person whom he has the mortification to hear styled a *genius*.

Learning and genius are, according to his notion of things, terms synonymous, hence he concludes, that no person can be a genius, unless he be a profound classical scholar; that it must of consequence follow, that all his attempts at composition, are vain: that if any thing appear of his production, that bears the stamp of original, it must be spurious; that it can only be an imitation at best, but he most generally condemns it as errant nonsense and plagiarism.

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An ingenious writer justly observes that "superior excellence is the general mark of calumny; and envy is naturally led to asperse what it cannot imitate." I would recommend those malevolent minded persons to give themselves time to consider, that, while they endeavour to depreciate others, they but too plainly evince their own littleness and insignificancy. It would be well for themselves, and greatly contribute to the good of society, if they would give themselves time to reflect, that all superior abilities, of what kind soever are the gifts of the deity and if improperly applied, are hurtful to the possessors. Persons who are only endued with what is called common capacities, may console themselves with this consideration, that, if from the weakness of their intellects, they are incapacitated from shining in some particular departments in life, yet they have equal opportunities of being good and virtuous; which is beyond all other acquisitions, and will contribute more to their own private happiness and tranquility, than if they were endued with the most brilliant parts, and did not devote their minds to virtuous pursuits.

There is one consideration which, if duly weighed, might contribute to deter them from the persevering in the practice of detraction, which is this. They must pay no respect to veracity,  
detractors

detractors are always great liars. It is a talent necessary for persons of this stamp, if they expect to make any considerable figure in the infernal business. Were detractors never to recite any thing but barely matters of fact, their tales would frequently be condemned as not worthy of being heard; but they are frequently such adepts in the science, that a hint is sufficient for them. Their fertile imaginations are immediately set to work; they soon lay the plan, and finish the characters, of a most amazing fable in the scandalous drama. And so quick are the transitions of these extraordinary geniuses, that if the objects of their scandal should happen to enter the room, they can immediately assume a chearful countenance, and address them with the greatest politeness, and complacency: Yet it frequently happens, that impelled by fear, they make a precipitate retreat; plainly evincing, that they have not the resolution and firmness of mind to confront the person whom they have so basely injured.

I remember to have heard a person (whose memory I revere) declare in public "that, since his reformation, he had not feared the face of man." I thought it was a noble and manly testimony; and yet it is no more than all of us may attain unto. For what cause have we to fear the face of any man if we have never injured him?

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The detractor would do well to consider that, to make any pretensions to religion, while he continues in that infamous practice, is equally vain, and ridiculous; religion being entirely incompatible with his conduct: for it condemns all tale-bearing and detraction. Pagans and idolators come much nearer the standard of true religion than he does, however specious his pretensions. — He also works against his own interest; for he is of no estimation amongst men. He is only listened to by a few of the most despicable of the human species, who lend him an ear merely to satisfy their own vicious inclinations; but then they despise him secretly, well knowing that he will entertain the next company at their expence.

It is evident that the detractor pays no respect to the interest or reputation of any person, but will sacrifice his dearest friends to the gratification of his darling passion. It is equally certain, that his intention is to acquire fame, but then he entirely mistakes his end. He imagines he will be applauded as a person who is very discerning and sagacious: but then he considers not how averse mankind are to bestow applause, even for meritorious actions, much less will they offer incense to the murderer of reputation. He is held much in the same estimation as a traitor to the state, who through a cowardly pusillanimous disposition, im-

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peaches

peaches his fellow criminals. He is listened to, and treated with a seeming respect; but then he is despised by all men; for tho' his information may be of service, he is himself a mean, despicable wretch, incapable of holding any office of trust.

It is really lamentable to consider, that human nature should be so far debased, as to produce instances of persons who take a pleasure in wounding and destroying the reputation of their fellow creatures; and make the distresses of others, their entertainment and delight. These kind of mortals, reverse the order of nature, and instead of being servicable to each other by mutual kindnesses and endearments, make use of every expedient to destroy their reputation, and cruelly rob them of what they are never able to restore to them again.

In all transactions, where our own private interest is concerned, we can be mighty vigilant, and seize every opportunity of inspecting, and penetrating as far as possible, into the apparent consequence of every the minutest action; why then should we be so excessively partial to ourselves, as to pay no regard towards the future good of our neighbour? We might consider, that, while we are so busy in projecting schemes for our own  
 emolument

emolument, there are others who have equal occasion for the like resources: And if we are determined not to exert the least effort to assist our neighbour, let us not inhumanly deprive him of the means of acting for himself.

If the detractor would only consider his own interest, and place it in a proper point of view, he would, I am almost persuaded, act more rationally. For, so long as he is perpetually employed in reprobating the characters of others, he has no leisure to examine his own, which if properly scrutinized, would in all probability call aloud for correction. People who examine their own hearts, and reflect on their numerous weaknesses and imperfections, will always find work enough at home. Such impartial enquirers will always be tender in speaking any thing too rashly of their fellow creatures, being conscious that "perfection is not the lot of humanity."

I must own I am no passionate admirer of those rigid females, who so cruelly and unmercifully exclaim against those unfortunate creatures who happen to be seduced by placing implicit confidence in the oaths of a perjured villian. They deserves our pity, not our contempt; since it frequently happens more thro' inadvertency than from any vi-



cious inclination. I would have such uncharitable females to recollect, that, chastity is but one branch of female virtue; and, that it is possible for a woman to maintain her chastity, and at the same time be extremely vicious.

In a word, I would not have us to impose upon ourselves. A time will come, when all false glosses will be removed, and our states will appear as they really are. We shall find that our own actions alone are what we must be accountable for; and it will be an excruciating reflection to discover, that whilst we were so assiduously employed in examining and censuring the conduct of others, we entirely neglected our own.

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THE  
ENVOIOUS AND BENEVOLENT MAN  
COMPARED.

**D**URING the few years experience I have had of the world, and the observations I have made on men and things, I have observed that no passion is so prevalent, and gains so much ground,

as that of envy.—I have endeavoured to trace its origin, and from what source, so detestible a passion arose; and on the most exact scrutiny, and accurate examination, I have found it to be the descendant of pride and ignorance: But tho' it is generally observed to bear a striking semblance of its venerable sire, ignorance: yet those who entertain it are sure to disavow the ignoble confanguinity. However, be that as it may, it is certain that envy is the bane of civil society. It often stirs up discord and confusion where harmony and unanimity formerly subsisted.

As the consequence of entertaining this dæmon amongst mankind, is so destructive in its nature, it is necessary to treat the subject with seriousness, and by tracing the meanness of its origin, and the fatal effects it will produce, in those who entertain and nourish it, it is probable many may be ashamed that they ever embraced such a viper, and endeavour to expel its contagious venom from their breasts, and prevent its incorporating itself with the very essence of their constitutions.

What murders, and parricides have been perpetrated by men actuated by this passion? Alas! the annals of our isle give but too many flagrant proofs of it.—But setting aside the more gross enormities it produces, let us only touch upon the

anxiety it occasions in the breast of him who entertains it. He is ever upon the rack (metaphorically speaking) and why? Because he has the mortification to hear, or read, almost every day, that some person has fallen heir to a great estate, or married to an amiable lady with an immense portion, or some other piece of good fortune.—Thus, every incident in life, that promises any thing favourable to the parties concerned, is cause of pain to the envious mind. He conceives himself injured when others are favoured; and the reason is this, because his pride makes him imagine that it ought to have fallen to himself, as being more capable (in his own conceit) of relishing the joys of life. But of all the envious men I ever knew, *LOTHARIO* is the most unhappy mortal. He never was known to give any person or performance, the least approbation. Should any literary performance be applauded in his company, “I wo’nt hear of it!” (he would reply) “there are no writers now a days! *POPE*, *ADDISON*, and *SWIFT*, are gone, and with them fair science has taken her last adieu. There is nothing new produced, idle plagiarism all! enough to drive a sensible man mad!” The envious man, thinking to avoid the odious appellation, will pretend to be a passionate admirer of the polite arts: Hence *LOTHARIO*, applauds the genius of the ancients for architecture, painting, sculpture, &c, but then he confines himself entirely

entirely to the works of antiquity. The old mathematicians and philosophers, are, according to his estimation, the greatest geniuses that ever existed. But for moderns, especially the English, to make any attempts towards gaining reputation in the arts of painting and sculpture, is to him the most consummate madness. In this manner does he pervert all the rational amusements in life to the worst of purposes, and is the voluntary instrument of his own chagrin and mortification. These are the effects of envy. Who then would entertain it, since it is so detrimental to the joys of life?

But observe SEMPHRONIUS, the liberal-minded man. Is he not esteemed? Is he not caressed? Is not his company courted by all who have the happiness of knowing him? His presence dispels gloominess from every face. The unaffected cheerfulness diffused o'er his countenance, speaks the benignity of his heart.

Envy shuns his presence, sneaks into some obscure corner, and gnaws its own vitals. The benevolent man is never more pleased than when he hears of genuine merit being rewarded; and the business of his life is to promote the happiness of others. He studies nature, makes himself acquainted with his own imperfections, and makes  
ample

ample allowances for the slight failures of his fellow creatures, especially if he knows their designs were laudable. He knows that the end of life is to honour God, and be servicable to mankind, he therefore endeavours to cultivate the social virtues, and make himself an useful member of the community.

He lives happy in himself, beloved by mankind, and when dead, his name will be repeated with respect and veneration, whilst the envious man is wretched in himself, and his remembrance is held in the utmost abhorrence and detestation.

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## ON THE PREVALENCY OF FASHION,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES MAGAZINE.

**I**T is really pleasant to reflect on the prevalency of fashion, even over persons of sense, and good education, and what strange absurdities are swallowed under the vitiated notion of politeness. I have now lived near thirty years in the world, and even in that small period of existence, I have

been



been witness to many revolutions, not only in states and kingdoms, but in the republic of letters.—What a multitude of words have been deposed, nay even assassinated, without being permitted to make their own defence, whilst others have been raised and supported, that had no claim to the title, but were mere usurpers and tyrants.—I have spent a considerable portion of my time in the company of the fair-sex, who (tho' it must be allowed they approach nearly to perfection, and are charming creatures) are great supporters of fashion. I know two of these angelic beings, who in particular, profess themselves the standards of taste and good breeding. These ladies will not allow that that the word *lie*, when applied as a verb, is applicable to resting in bed, supinely stretched, &c,—that it only implies a fiction.—“ I intend (says one of them) to lay long in bed to-morrow morning. ” “ Pray miss ” I replied “ is that polite? Is it possible for you to perform in future what your words imply, has already been done and past? I mean in that very period of time, which is elapsed for ever.”—“ Why (she replied) that is impossible; but you must know that *lie* is a vulgar expression, and never used by polite people, let grammarians say what they please.” “ Well ” said I, “ but supposing you were a foreigner, and had been taught our language in its purity, would you not conclude that confounding the

the tenses, and substituting the preter in the room of the future was improper?" "There you degenerate into vulgarisms again.—We polite people, when speaking to another, say, "was you there, Mâm? Or was you there, Sir?" I have frequently remarked that "Miss" said I, "and also when you speak to a number of people, is it still the same—"was you there gen'men, or was you there ladies?" But is not this confounding all manner of construction, and gross abuse of language?" But ladies, I shall submit to oblige you, and for the future follow this polite strain, at least, in all my peregrinations and excursions, when honoured with your company."

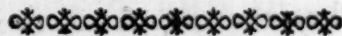
The next day, after this discourse had passed, we took an evening jaunt as far as ISLINGTON. When we arrived, Miss SOPHY took us into a dairy, and to display her polite breeding to the company, "pray Mr. what d'ye call'em" said SOPHY, "will you eat any milk?" "Yes Mâm I'm a great lover of milk, and shall accept it with pleasure from your fair hand." I must own, I could not but smile at the pretty conceit of eating milk, however, being determined to acquiesce in every thing they said, and by no means offend in point of politeness, I stifled my laughter, and eat my milk with pleasure.—In our return home, we walked pretty swiftly, and the evening being warm,

warm, it created a thirst in me, and being determined to treat the ladies before I left them, just as we arrived at TEMPLE-BAR, "come ladies" said I stopping on a sudden, "shall we step into the king's arms and eat a bottle of wine?" Immediately the ladies set up a loud laugh, which was echoed by the standers-by, I was I must own, a little disconcerted.—"Upon my honour, I do'nt know ladies—I am affraid I have erred again in point of politeness: If I have, pray inform me, and I shall stand reproved."—"Why" said Miss SOPHY, "what, in the name of wonder were you thinking of to make so aggregious a blunder, as to talk of eating wine? why, the people I am sure think you mad." "Pardon me madam I intreat you, for I transgressed not designedly, but thro' ignorance. You asked me to eat milk, and now when I ask you to eat wine you laugh at me,—pray where lies the difference between eating wine and eating milk?" "A very material difference" replied SOPHY, "milk is allowed to be food, that is, both meat and drink." "Well and pray may not wine be allowed to be food also;—I am certain that the greatest part of the city macaronies subsist almost entirely upon it; I would gladly know Mâm, if there is any such a thing as supping: Whence derived the noun sup? Undoubtedly from the verb "to sup."

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However I hope you will allow roast beef to be food?" "Yes and substantial food too." "Very well then: I am sure you informed me last night, you had supped upon roast beef."—"Fly from my presence Sir, you are an ungentlemanly fellow."—

You see my situation, Sir; I am not sufficiently polite to keep the company of the ladies of the town. I wish you would insert this letter in your next: perhaps some charitable gentleman, (who is a proficient in the noble science of eating) will be kind enough to transmit me a catalogue of such articles as come under the denomination of eating, that I may be enabled to know when I may with politeness, introduce the word sup; as I find there is not, at present, any certain criterion.



## REDICULOUS CUSTOM

OF THE

## FEMALE SEX EXPLODED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES MAGAZINE.

**I** Am the daughter of a reputable tradesman, who has by his honest endeavours, acquired a genteel

genteel competency, by which means he is enabled to bestow a handsome fortune on your humble servant, who am his only daughter.

You may reasonably suppose, that the man, who in other respects acted with prudence; did not fail to give me an education suitable to my future prospects in life; which aspire no higher, than the desire of an agreeable union with a man of integrity and discretion, who does not think it beneath him to engage in a mercantile employment.

I have hitherto led a life of uninterrupted serenity amongst my female associates, until of late, when I was expell'd the society for no other reason, than my non-compliance with a ridiculous custom, which they think, constitutes politeness.

I have always thought, since the dawning of reason, that addressing my parents by the appellation of father and mother, were by no means improper terms; it has always appeared to me, both natural and becoming; but it seems (that in order to appear polite) I must divest myself so far of the woman as to accost them under the pretty delicate names of "papa and mama," which you cannot but think Sir, must sound vastly agreeable in the ears of an indulgent parent, when articulated by the sweet infant of 27 years of age.

M

I know



I know one of these fashionable ladies, (to whom nature has not been very liberal in dispensing peculiar grace,) who has but lately adopted this polite epithet, as her father was formerly in a state of the greatest indigence, but on the demise of a rich relation, fell heir to an immense fortune. It is really very pleasant, to hear this antiquated female address her rustic parents in the above stile; especially, as the most judicious observer would be at a loss to determine which of the two females were the most venerable.

Miss M——s too, the shoe-maker's daughter has caught the infection, and neglects no opportunity of introducing this endearing language. Her mother, seems not less pleased, and has frequently been heard interrogating in the streets, whether you saw any thing of Miss M——s?

It is not surprizing that the ignorant should be ever aping the language and fashions of those, who ought to be the standards of taste and good breeding; but to hear a young lady, who has had all the advantages of a liberal education; and of enriching her mind with useful knowledge; and who would be loath to have her abilities disputed in the rehearsal of MONIMIA, ALMIRA, or any other heroine in the drama; make use of such  
childish

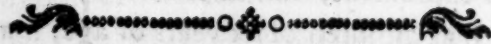
childish expressions, has in it something so ridiculous, that children of six years of age, may with justice, laugh them to scorn. These mistaken females, seem to have forgot, that what seems beautiful in children, is preposterous and absurd in grown persons.

If such innovations are allowed in the English language, I am apprehensive, that the respectable titles of father and mother will be expelled our dictionaries, as noun substantives of no signification, but mere obsolete words.

Now, sir, I refer the case to you, whether, in Justice, I ought to be expelled society for speaking as our grammar directs? I love society, and if you insert this letter in your next (which I know will be read by every one of them) you will confer on me a particular favour.

I can readily excuse slight imperfections in others; and if you can reinstate me into their favour, I shall have no objection to their prattling like infants, on condition they permit me to speak like a woman.

I am &c, AMELIA.



# THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

Addressed to the editor of the LADIES' MAGAZINE.

**I** Have often thought, (and many instances within the sphere of my observation, has confirmed me in my opinion) that more people remain ignorant thro' indolence and inattention, than from any deficiency in their mental powers, or natural abilities.

The fair-sex in particular (especially if they happen to be handsome) almost totally neglect the improvement of the mind, not considering, that external charms, however extraordinary, are nor sufficient to secure the affections of a man of sense: They may indeed attract by an irresistible impulse, and fascinate the juvenile lover for a time, but if after marriage, he finds on reflection, that he has taken one to be the companion of his life, who is utterly incapable of relishing intellectual pleasures, and whose face always wears a fullen gloom unless engaged in a party at picquet, he will have just reason to condemn the imprudence of his choice, and lament the fatal day  
that

that united the hands of two, whose hearts were vailed to each other, until the discovery of them opened a source of misery, not to be conceived by any but themselves, and those in similar circumstances.

What renders the condition more deplorable is, because it might all have been prevented by a little attention, which would have been so far from toil, that it would have carried its own pleasure along with it.

I believe that a great many ladies, thinking to avert this mischief I have mentioned, decieve themselves so far as to bring down upon them one equally, if not more pernicious; by spending great part of their time, in reading usefess romances and seductive novels, many of which are "but too well calculated to supplant every seed of virtue in the human heart."

Parents, and guardians of the youth of both sexes, are but too negligent in selecting such books as may tend to enlarge and improve the mind, without the danger of misleading it.

People may say what they please of the utility of dramatic pieces, alledging that striking pictures of vicious and abandoned characters will

youth from the practice of them; but this has long been evinced to be a grand error; for, as the poet generally gives his vicious hero, some fashionable qualification, or engaging address, the flexible minds of young persons imbibe that part, and give allowances for the frailty of nature, in the more dark traits of the character. This I speak from my own experience.

I was led into this train of thinking, by perusing the last number of the *Reasoner*: I revere the ingenious (and I hope sincere) author of that part of your *Miscellany*; and I hope he will continue to favour us with his future labours in a work which is an honour to human nature.

The ladies (for whom I have a sincere affection) will, I hope, pay attention to this worthy monitor, who speaks real, tho' perhaps not agreeable truths; yet such as they must be sensible of, and delight in, if ever they expect to find acceptance with the author of their existence, and of every other blessing they enjoy; and who "leads the humble in his ways."

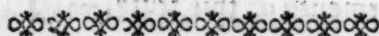
It is but too certain, that the bulk of mankind pass thro' this life without any regard to a future one, and deceive themselves in a matter of the greatest importance, who at the same time can be  
surprizingly



surprizingly vigilant to extricate themselves from a slight imposture in their secular affairs. What mighty care do the ladies take to embrace the most early opportunity of procuring the newest dresses, and are even mortified to find another adopt them who has not a fortune equal to theirs! This childish anxiety keeps them perpetually upon the rack for trifles, and renders them liable to the insults of every giddy headed girl who can procure three otaheite feathers, and imitate MERCURY's winged cap. Strange infatuation! and how short lived the vanity!—The once blooming MYRA, is a striking memento of this truth.—

MYRA was in the bloom of youth, and enjoyed a great many advantages from nature; in a word, she was the theme of almost every song, was praised by the men, and envied by the women;—But alas! ten days entirely annihilated those charms which attracted the admiring train of obsequious lovers. The small pox (that fatal destroyer of female pride) attacked the fair MYRA, who, after having lingered ten days in the most poignant anguish both in body and mind, fell a victim to the cruel spoiler. How oft did she exclaim, during her lucid intervals, against the extravagant pride of dress! How often did she resolve, that if permitted to live, how circumspectly her future days should be conducted!—But heaven

ven preserved her from future temptations, by cutting the thread of life!—Lovers draw near! Contemplate the face of your once adored MYRA!—Start not!—Shun not the object.—Tho' it may not inspire the same sensations which you formerly experienced, it nevertheless conveys more instruction to the intelligent mind. It speaks, pathetically speaks, the language of wisdom!—“Pay no adoration to mortal beauty; call not external beauty angelic, when so short a period of time can cancel every trace of it.”



## AN ESSAY ON SINCERITY.

**S**INCERITY is such a noble endowment of the human mind, so amiable in itself, and so universally admired by mankind, that even the most consummate villians, in order to facilitate their impious projects, do frequently affect it. Now, according to the notion I form of sincerity, it appears to be so extensive in its branches, that it comprehends in itself, every religious, every moral, and every social virtue; and may be termed a kind of epithet, which conveys to us the idea of human rectitude.

if

If this notion of sincerity appears too refined for the latitudinarian or debauchee, I will give up the proposition, if any one of them will answer in the affirmative, the following interrogatives. Is it possible to be religious without being sincere? Is it possible to be honest without being sincere? Is it possible to love and not be sincere? In a word, can a person be a true friend, be charitable or compassionate, without having sincerity?—To me it appears impossible. Examine your own heart, and I am convinced you'll acquiesce with me, and adopt my sentiments. As sincerity is a quality so desirable, what is the reason that so few people are possessed of it? The reason to me, appears obvious. It is because so many people are anxious to appear what nature never designed them for; and affectation is perpetually practised, in order to conceal as much as possible, the defects of personal deformity, or the weakness of the intellectual powers. As a proof of this remark; we may frequently observe, that many persons appear grave and silent, to conceal ignorance, whilst others are perpetually talking obscenity and nonsense, in order to make others believe they are witty and facetious. It would be well however, if these were the worst effects resulting from the want of sincerity. There are many men, who make a practice of debauching females;

not

not so much for the enjoyment itself, as to convince others, that they are possessed of infinite address, and are adepts in the *noble* art of intrigue—the subtle science of *Adulation*. But this you will say, is wandering from my subject. Proceed we therefore, to prove, that sincerity is requisite in religion, love, and friendship; and from analogy, we may conclude how necessary it is to support every other moral and social virtue.

Friendship (to define the term) often arises from a sameness of disposition, a similarity of sentiments, or the discoveries we make, either real or imaginary, of each other's virtues or qualifications. Now, so long as our friend continues to possess those good qualities, which at first attached us to him, and has not deviated in point of good behaviour towards us, how can we desert such a man, and drop all intercourse with him, without evincing ourselves destitute of sincerity? But those connexions commonly called friendships, are generally, too hastily contracted to be of any long duration. Nay, we often find they frequently result from the local circumstances of the parties; when this is the case, change of place entirely obliterates all former impressions, and every person we occasionally converse with, becomes our temporary friend.—Sincerity only must therefore, form that bond of friendship, which  
time

time, nor change of place or situation, will never be able to efface. If we are sincere in our attachment, all the elevations in life, that fortune can bestow, cannot make us neglect to hold our friend in the highest estimation.

In love, sincerity is so essentially necessary, that, to me, it appears nonsense to say "a person loves, but is not sincere." The want of sincerity is the reason of so many unhappy connexions in the conjugal state. When a man, solely actuated by ambition and avarice, treats beauty and innocence with scorn and contempt, because they are not annexed to grandeur and wealth, and takes to his bed a piece of deformity, whom he hates and abhors, merely to augment his finances, and after marriage treats her with brutal violence, nay worse than his favourite dog; not only proves himself destitute of sincerity, but also void of humanity; and whatever his circumstances in life may be, he is a disgrace to human nature. On the other hand, when a man makes use of every artifice, breaks through all laws human and divine, perjures himself; nay, even has recourse to force, in order to seduce and triumph over a weak woman, (who is previously prejudiced in his favour) he may indeed, boast to his insensible companions, of the great exploit, but then, it will  
appear



appear, to men who have any knowledge of the weakness of our nature, so despicable a cause for triumph, that they will be astonished how any person can be so grossly absorbed in ignorance, as to prefer such erroneous principles, which have not the least shadow of reason to support them. Some may call this gallantry, and amuse themselves with airy delusions; but if ever they become possessed of the least share of sincerity, they will find such a load of guilt to overwhelm them, which all the enjoyments of sensual pleasure will never be able to remove. Hence we may perceive how necessary it is to have sincerity, to allay and curb the passions, to make our love and mutual endearments, not altogether dependant on sensuality, but have them exalted to something divine.

It were much to be wished that sincerity more frequently accompanied our rites of devotion, and excited in our minds a reverential awe towards that being who supports the vast system of nature, and kindly contributes to the necessities even of those that never return a grateful sigh. If, in our ritual performances, we only aim at pleasing ourselves in vain repetitions of sentiments, which in themselves are good, yet such as we never experimentally felt, we not only put the grossest cheat upon ourselves, but also take more pains to appear sincere, than would be requisite to make us really

really so. Hypocrites may, for a time, deceive themselves and mankind; but to attempt to impose upon an omniscient deity, by uplifted hands and empty formality, is a striking proof of a vitiated heart. For this reason, many sensible libertines, have declined attending at the rituals of devotion, because they have not felt their hearts in a state to receive divine impressions. It has ever been my opinion, that a sincere ejaculation to the deity, tho' but for a moment, is more efficacious, and more acceptable to that power, who knows the inmost recesses of the heart, and its most hidden intentions, than the most elaborate discourse, when the heart does not acquiesce with the sentiments pronounced.

Sincerity appears to be a complication of every religious and moral virtue; and when a person wants sincerity, it cannot be said, with propriety, that he possesses any one virtue.



## A U T U M N:

## A RHAPSODY.

Thus, solitary, and in pensive guise,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead;  
 And, thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard  
 One dying strain, to cheer the wood-man's toil. Thom.

**B**LEST, consummately blest, be the memory  
 of this descriptive bard! BRITAIN cannot  
 boast a muse more virtuous, than that which in-  
 spired the immortal author of the *Seasons*. The  
 elegance of stile, and purity of sentiment dis-  
 played thro' this incomparable composition, will  
 stand the severest shafts of criticism, and establish  
 the character of Mr. THOMPSON, as a descriptive  
 poet, to the latest posterity.

Indeed, when we consider the almost infinite  
 number of images, apparently new, and yet so  
 apt and striking, and at the same time, so happily  
 expressed; we are naturally astonished that so  
 much perfection should center in one man.  
 When we begin to collect, and properly arrange  
 our own ideas, and the impressions of nature,  
 which will arise in our own minds, and then com-  
 pare them with those of the above named bard,

we

shall find some difficulty in producing any thing new. We may indeed vary somewhat in the mode of expression, tho' in general, the thoughts of most poetical descriptions are, in a great measure, similar.

Disparing therefore of producing any thing purely original, I shall endeavour to express in my way, the calm serenity of an evening walk in Autumnal scenes, when the mind is unbent from the busy distracting hurry and confusion of the trading world.

The soul of man, (if not depraved by vice) is naturally contemplative, and, when secluded from society, it meditates on the objects that surround it, which, in a rural scene, are almost innumerable, all conspiring to elucidate and exalt the infinite wisdom and power of the great creator, who ordained all things to work for universal good. The minds of youth are opened and enlarged with the prospect of the blooming Spring.—Those scenes present to their minds, the captivating allurements of juvenile beauty; their hearts exult, and they are stimulated to pursue great enterprizes; for (if in health) every thing around seems to promise longevity.

Summer, infuses more mature thoughts, for tho' from every thicket breathes harmony, and every flower diffuses odours, yet a sacred something whispers "these are but temporary, thou art immortal." Autumn confirms this truth in pathetic language. That which Spring shoots forth in blossom, we see enlarged and more mature in Summer: How quick the transition between youth and manhood. Then comes Autumn or the decline of life: An humiliating picture of human nature, and a sufficient antidote against vain ambition, and the ridiculous absurdity of personal distinctions. Yet humiliating as it is, it nevertheless furnishes ample reflection to the contemplative mind, that is not loaded with guilt, or the poignant reflections of a mis-spent life.— We are led to the prospect of a future existence, when we examine the periodical revolutions of the seasons.

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See the Summer, gay  
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers  
 Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey  
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storms  
 Blows autumn and her golden fruits away:  
 Then melts into the Spring: Soft Spring with breath  
 Favonion, from warm chambers of the south,  
 Recalls the first; all to reflower fades.  
 As in a wheel; all sinks to reascend  
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

YOUNG.

This



This moral writer seems perfectly confident of a future existence; and indeed the lines he has drawn, appears quite similar to, and emblematical of, a future resurrection. — Without this hope what were man? What is life? A complication of miseries, an inexplicable riddle. We see all other creatures, both animate and inanimate, perform their various changes and revolutions in perfect harmony: While man, who is stiled “lord of the creation” appears, and in fact is, surrounded with innumerable perplexities and difficulties. — Why is he thus circumstanced, but that he should exalt himself by rising superior to their assaults? Were man always in a state of apathy, he would neither merit, nor could he enjoy, any real happiness: The passions were given us for the noblest purposes. Without emulation, what were men? The most stupid of all animals. If we have no ardent desire after happiness, shall we ever make use of any means to attain so glorious an acquisition. — No certainly. — That man who is indifferent about it, shall never possess so inestimable a jewel. But if we struggle with intrepidity thro’ the toils of life, keeping our eye fixed towards “the prize of the high calling of the messiah,” we shall, in the end, enjoy the completion of felicity, the fruition of which passeth all human knowledge. The various scenes

of this transitory world, will be as remembrancers to us in this probationary state; and even Autumn, which inspires the sensualist with horror, will be a source of joy to the believer, and strengthen his hope in a future resurrection, where change will be no more, but "one unbounded spring, incircle all."

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On the savage diversion of

## COCK-FIGHTING.

I Have often observed, and with a degree of pleasure, the beautiful, the sprightly appearance of a well feathered cock. The luxuriant plumage of his neck, and fine tail exuberantly flowing over his back in a semicircular form, give him an air of grandeur, superior, in my opinion, to any of our domestic birds. I love to see him surrounded with his seraglio of females, strut along with great pomp, the august monarch of the dunghill. It is pleasant to observe how this creature apes reason, when led by powerful instinct; he disdains to peck what the females seem to have a desire for. This refusing to make use of the power he has over them, seems as a lesson to mankind

mankind not to tyrannize over the weaker whom, as having power, he ought to protect and nourish. It should, I would think, afford more satisfaction to a rational being, to survey these creatures enjoying themselves in innocent tranquillity, than to see them expiring in agonies, occasioned by the cruelty of a set of men, who stile themselves christians. I am convinced, that, would our doughty gentlemen heroes of the sod, give themselves a little time to reflect on the inhumanity of such diversions, and look upon these creatures in the light I do, there would never be another cocking-match, or welch-main fought in their time; and I doubt not but our children, influenced by so good an example, would hardly think of renewing such barbarity. I suppose many of these kind of sportsmen will say, "I glory in a cock." But then the misfortune is, they glory in them no farther than as they are subservient to their wanton cruelty; for should his favourite stag, (as he calls him) after having fought three successive battles, decline engaging in a fourth, or if engaged, and almost spent with toil, should he endeavour to avoid his destiny by flight; or even make the least effort to recede, his neck must be immediately twisted, as the only reward for his proneness. Thus he meets his fate from a quarter, the least expected; and I will  
refer

refer it to any man of reason, if the cruel perpetrator does not, in this instance, prove himself as much a monster and tyrant, as the detested Emperor NERO. NERO, wantonly tortured men, because (being a monster in nature) he exercised the height of that despotic power, which the people foolishly placed in their princes at that age, until fatal experience convinced them of that dangerous error: And I know not what many of my countrymen would do, if not restrained by salutary laws.

I never, but once, was a spectator of this barbarous and ignorant amusement. I was at that time about thirteen years of age, and have ever since, held that practice in the utmost abhorrence and detestation. The sensations I felt, even at that age, were painful. First, I was shocked to behold how strangely that once beautiful creature was disfigured. That beautiful tail, which did so adorn him, was now miserably lopped, and bore great analogy to that of an ostrich. In a word, he was now so cut and mutilated, that he made a more despicable appearance than the meanest hen.

In this condition, he was led to the field of battle, and, because nature had not furnished him  
with

with weapons fatally keen, he was now supplied with artificial ones. I took notice of two men in striped jackets, whom I afterwards understood, stiled themselves pitters. Their business was to encourage these little combatants to destroy each other. I observed that many paid great respect to these men, and by others they were kiked and abused.

The engagement began, and these little creatures exerted much agility, and mighty valourous they were in their way. Oft were the bloody weapons extracted by these doughty seconds, and as oft did they urge them to the fight. During all which time, the vociferous company, almost stunned my ears with their discordant din. I would gladly have retired, but I found it was no easy matter to extricate myself from amongst them; I therefore was obliged to wait the conclusion.

After many severe onsets, one of those poor creatures had an eye struck out by his antagonist's spur, which went with such violence as to pierce quite thro' the head. The barbarous company, instead of commiserating, announced their joy with a loud cheer, which was ecchoed thro' the whole circle. The weapon was again extracted;  
but



but this would not suffice; the combat must be again renewed. After a few more faint struggles, being now almost spent, and their spirits quite exhausted, they fell to the ground gasping in agonies, with heads reclined on the grass. After a few seconds one of them raised his head, and made a motion with his bill; upon which a second, and most tremendous roar, proclaimed him the victor.

I have been thus particular in describing this kind of diversion, (which is practised and countenanced, by men who sometimes appear in a certain august assembly, deliberating on important matters; enforcing wise laws, dog-acts, game-acts, &c) because, should any person who never heard of such things, read this, he would hardly imagine, that such practices could exist amongst men of sense, who live in a civilized nation, and call themselves "followers of Christ."

But setting aside the cruelty of this diversion, what ruin has it brought upon families! How many poor mechanics leave their wives and children starving at home for want of bread, while they are rioting and revelling at a cocking-match! How many of the higher rank have forfeited their estates, and entailed poverty on their posterity, in order that they might pay, what they call  
 "debts"

“debts of honour!” Now, when such men as these commence fathers, and heads of families, what kind of morals, can they be supposed to instill into their children? Can they be supposed to teach them benevolence, gratitude, charity, compassion, and the rest of the social virtues? Are they proper persons

———“to rear the tender thought,

“To teach the young idea how to shoot

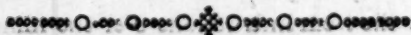
“And pour the fresh instructions o’er the mind?”

THOM.

Alas! the contrary is evident. For many of these kind of sportsmen have been known to abuse and beat their children, for no other reason than because they gave instances of a humane, pacific disposition, in refusing to saw off the heads of poultry, or dash out the brains off a cat —“Why! (they will exclaim) are not all creatures made for man’s use?” — But granting this (which many of our philosophers refuse to grant) does it follow from hence, that they were made to be the objects of our wanton cruelty? Man is always ready to stile himself “lord of the creation,” but his pride makes him forget, that he is a poor dependant creature himself. The following sensible and pathetic sentences, extracted from the *Oeconomy of human life*, may not be improperly introduced on this occasion, and with which I shall conclude this letter.

“Exalt

“Exalt not thyself to the heavens, for lo! the angels are above thee; nor disdain thy fellow inhabitants of the earth, for that they are beneath thee—are not they the work of the same hand? Thou who art happy thro’ the mercy of thy creator, how dar’st thou in wantonness, put others of his creatures to torture? Beware that it return not upon thee!”



#### CANDID REMARKS

#### ON MR. LAW'S WRITINGS.

**T**is not a little surprising to reflect on the ingenuity of mankind, and what curious (and seemingly plausible) systems have been produced by intense study and indefatigable application.

In the article of religion, what a multiplicity of opinions; what a diversity of modes and systems, have been introduced into the world by the craft of men, each imagining their particular mode to be infallible, and generally stamp it with the appellation of orthodox. And, in order to extort your assent to their tenets, they will frequently pretend  
to

to be led by an extraordinary impulse, divine illumination, and what not. These dogmatical reasoners, will frequently tell you, when elucidating their principles, "that it must of consequence be as they assert, that it is utterly impossible it should be otherwise." I must confess I cannot but smile at such modes of expression, as the most superficial observer will easily discover that they favour of vanity and imperfection. If their arguments are so strong and clear, what need of such vain assertions? These ingenious speculatists, have generally, a kind of an irresistible method of stealing upon the senses, and, as it were, extorting our acquiescence to their subtle disquisitions; hence we are often led by a kind of involuntary impulse, to adopt systems as genuine, which, in our cooler moments of reflection, we cannot reconcile, as consonant with reason, and the nature of things.

I was led into this train of reflection, on having perused Mr. LAW's *Spirit of Love*, and *Spirit of Prayer*. I admire his language, which flows free and easy. He seems to possess a method of reasoning peculiar to himself, and so artfully does he engage the attention, that it is almost impossible to leave off until you have perused the whole book—These two treatises, mentioned above, are so analogous, that the one seems like a supplement

to the other; and unless you read both, it is difficult to enter into the true spirit of either.

I need not inform the intelligent reader, who has perused the treatises, that the doctrine he inculcates is, "That sin is the origin of gross corruptible matter; or in other words, materiality. That man in his primeval state, was not composed of a material substance, consisting of flesh, blood, and bones, (as we now are) but that he was formed of the same pure essence as the angels; that ADAM's outward body or vehicle, was as a medium or looking-glass, through which he could behold the nature and properties of both worlds; viz, both the outward face of nature, and the mysterious arcana: But by suffering his desires to wander, a longing was begotten in him to know the pleasures of the brutal sense; by which means a substance was introduced into the will;" Or words to this effect. — This he says, constituted the fall, and sufficiently explains the word of God "For in the day you eat thereof; ye shall surely die. "i. e. To the heavenly nature, and primeval purity" Hence, (he says) man lost his first image, and degenerated into a bare animal (as to the outward) having flesh, bones, &c, and of consequence, became obnoxious to pain, sickness and death.

This



This system, he endeavours to maintain, by many subtile and ingenious arguments, frequently quoting such texts of scripture as seem most to coincide with his plan of reasoning; but such portions of holy writ as make against the tenor of his discourse, I always observe, he makes not the least mention of.

I have read the greatest part of Mr. LAW's writings, with candor and attention. I also am not ignorant of the encomiums that have been bestowed upon them by the literati in this kingdom: I allow that he merits applause; and that he was a pious as well as a learned man: Yet notwithstanding all this, he has proved himself fallible in his writings, nor do I think he was without a tincture of enthusiasm.

I would be tender in speaking the least disrespectfully, of so worthy and pious a man; nor am I of a petulant cavilling disposition; but, as I have ever thought, that all men have a right to judge for themselves in matters of faith, I cannot be persuaded to pin mine upon the sleeve of any other man.

On this consideration, I am stimulated to make a few remarks on some particular parts of Mr. LAW's assertions, which do not appear to coincide with the tenor of scripture testimonies,

which testimonies, form the criterion of the christian faith.

That ADAM was created a masculine virgin having in himself the essences of both male and female, he endeavours to prove from the following words.

“ And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him ; male and female created he them.” *Genesis* chap. 1st, v. 27. —How far this may be true, I shall not pretend to determine; but to say that ADAM would have produced (had he retained his primeval innocence) innumerable creatures like unto himself, merely thro’ the working principle of love, appears to me, as a notion peculiar to Mr. LAW ; and of too mysterious a nature to come within the sphere of my comprehension.

If this hypothesis be true, why do not the angels produce innumerable beings like themselves, through the same principle? Which we may reasonably presume, is more predominant in them, as they have always retained their primeval purity and perfection, and are also of a superior order of beings.

We

We are frequently informed, that God created all orders of beings; but I never yet either heard or read that any being, (save the Almighty fiat) was able to produce a mere animal, much less an immortal soul. It is derogatory to the dignity of omnipotence, to suppose that any order of beings are endued with creative power. I think if we examine the remainder of the above quoted chapter, and part of the text, we shall find no great reason to lay much stress upon Mr. Law's system. Chap. 1st, v. 29. "And God said, behold! I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." — Now I ask why the benovolent creator should say "To you it shall be for meat," if ADAM thro' the purity of his nature, could not possibly partake of it? Again, why should the plural you, be used, contrary to the whole tenor of scripture language, if only addressed to ADAM? For, allowing him to have both the essences of male and female, yet he was but one in identity. — That the trees and fruit were of a material corporeal substance is plain from Mr. LAW's own confession, who asserts, that gross materiality commenced with the fall of LUCIFER. And then to say that ADAM, whose body he asserts, was of an immortal incorruptable nature, was to receive nourishment from material essences, seems to me, repugnant to the nature of things.

In the course of his argument, he tells us "that EVE was not created until after ADAM was in some degree degenerated from his original purity." This is only surmise. It appears pretty clear to me, that EVE was created nearly about the same period of time as was ADAM; for in the 2d. chap. v. 5th, (which is but a recapitulation of the creation) it is thus said, "for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth and there was not a man to till the ground." Now this is going back to the time before ADAM was created. V. 7th, "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." After having given us the situation of EDEN, and recited the names of the rivers which watered the garden, &c. V. 18th. "And the Lord God said, it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help-mate for him." There is no mention made of any incidents occurring from the time that ADAM was created, until the LORD made him an help-mate. Now, if ADAM had fallen or lapsed in any degree, it would have been so momentous in its nature, that I cannot believe the divine historian would have passed it over in silence. On the contrary, I think the last verse in the 2d chap. proves that they had not degenerated from their  
primeval

primeval innocence for some time after the creation of EVE. " And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed. " v. 25th. That they had not sinned, is evident from the words, " and were not ashamed, " for shame is the natural consequence of sin. And that they were originally, material corporeal substances, (as to the outward) is clear to me from these words of the text, " In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return! " *Genesis* chap. 3, v. 19th.

The scripture making no mention of EVE's conceiving before the fall, is no proof that they never made use of the means; Mr. LAW, seems to lay great stress upon this circumstance. That EVE bore children before she had either CAIN or ABEL, is not contradicted in scripture; and that she bore several children besides these, seems highly probable, else, where could CAIN so readily procure a wife?

The order of the creation, the formation of ADAM, &c, appears to be confusedly related: which has given rise to many disputes and wranglings; tho' an unprejudiced reader may be satisfied



fied with the meaning, tho' it be not related according to the strictest rules of perspicuity.

MOSES, though a good man, and divinely influenced, has not understood the rules of our modern dramatic writers, in respect to preserving the unities of action, time, and place. The various incidents in the former part of his drama (If I may so speak) are promiscuously scattered, and we must be careful in gathering them; but I think Mr. LAW, has refined them away to a mere system of metaphysics.

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## REMARKS ON PROLOGUE WRITERS.

**I**N perusing the magazines, I have often met with occasional prologues and epilogues; many of which contain much genuine wit and humour. In reading the prologue to "the romance of an hour" written by Mr. KELLY, I was particularly delighted with his humourous manner of satyrizing the audience, in which he seems very pointed, and has hit off several character with much humour. Hence I was naturally led  
to

to reflect on the original design of prologues and and epilogues, which was to set forth the principal design of the play, a sketch of the characters &c. The epilogue was generally used as a moral to the dramatic fable, with pertinent remarks on the fatal consequences of vice, and the rewards which are always attendant on heroic virtue: but at present, the indulgent, I had almost said insensible audience, are presented with a satire on themselves instead of a prologue to the play. It is however, a happy circumstance for the managers that they have to do with an audience who seem to be proof against the severest shafts of satire. It must be allowed that many of his remarks are but too just; and if the constant attenders at the theatres, had only the same penetration that I have who do not pretend to any greater knowledge than that of a man in his sober senses, who has no inclination to give away his money to be lampooned; I am persuaded that future prologue writers would endeavour to mould their productions into a different form; give their wit a different turn; and pay more attention to that respect due to an audience.

REMARKS



## REMARKS ON THE EPITHET

## “GOOD FELLOW.”

MR. LOCKE, in his *Essay on human understanding*, very sensibly animadverts on the abuse of words, and has filled several pages on the subject. It is certain there was but too much ground for his undertaking to write on the abuse of words; and indeed, at this day, there appears full as much occasion to censure that practice as in his time. However, it is not my intention to enlarge on the inconsistency of it, as it wou'd lead me from the chief design of this essay. I shall therefore confine myself to only one instance of the kind, and that is the epithet “good fellow,” generally bestowed on drunkards.

The original use and design of words, was for the immediate conveyance of ideas. Almost every word has a certain distinct idea annexed to it, and they may be termed the figures or images of the ideas they convey. Now so long as we do not pervert their use, by annexing to the same words different ideas, language continues to be intelligent; we are perfectly enabled to understand each other, and reason

reason on variety of subjects; but when men either thro' wantonness or ignorance, make use of the same words to express ideas as opposite in their nature as the poles are with respect to each other, it is most certainly, the grossest insult on the original design of speech. To address a drunkard by the appellation of "good fellow," is not only an abuse of words, but also involves a manifest contradiction. Every English reader, who has any knowledge, of grammar, knows, that the adjective "good" implies the object referred to, to be possessed of desirable qualities, which a drunkard, as such, is not. The general acceptation of the substantive "fellow", is understood to imply a mean wretch, or a despicable person. Consequently when these words are addressed to any man they naturally involve a manifest contradiction.

Christ held the word "good", so sacred, that he reproved the young man mentioned in scripture, for addressing his outward manhood by the appellation of "good master"; and yet it is certain that no one more strictly merited the title. But the moderns at this day prostitute the word good, on almost every occasion, and never more than when they call a drunkard "good",

There is no single vice (save murder) which in my opinion so greatly degrades human nature, as  
 drunkenness

drunkenness. Some, perhaps may say that "gluttony is more detestable", to which, I answer, There is no difference that I can perceive, they are one and the same; the distinction (if there be any) lies in this, that the one gorges victuals, and the other guzzles down liquids. The latter seems more beastly, as it deprives him of the use of his reason, and reduces him to the same standard; tho' in effect, they are equally gluttons.

I remember to have heard one of the votaries of BACCHUS declare, "that to rail against drunkenness was to utter blasphemy against the gods, and a satire on all mankind". I must confess I cou'd not but smile at the idea he form'd of divinity; but at the same time was sorry to hear a charge laid to the whole race of mankind, which only related to individuals. It is certain, that drunkenness is a vice that is very common. But allowing that the greatest part of men are addicted to excessive drinking, it surely does not follow from hence, that all mankind are drunkards, — neither does its being common, render it the less reprehensible or make it the less heinous and detestable any more than the contempt of virtue diminishes its genuine beauty. However, I am persuaded, that the indulgence they are favour'd with, from the rational, sober part of mankind, prevents them  
in



in a great measure, from discovering their real meanness and deformity. The terms "good fellow, jolly soul!" and such kind of ridiculous epithets, make them begin to conceive themselves heroic spirits, and what not: whereas, were they but treated with the contempt they deserve, it probably might be the means of exciting in them a sense of shame, and possibly contribute to reform their behaviour.

It is astonishing to think how men's senses have been debased, and their ideas corrupted, by continuing in a course of rioting and dissipation for a succession of years. A friend of mine, once related to me the following story which he was an ear witness too. A jolly toper soliciting an acquaintance of the same stamp, to accompany him into the country for a few days on a party of pleasure, and to pay a visit to another of their boon companions, who resided a few miles out of town; the other objected, alledging, that business of importance required his attendance at home. The first, made use of every argument his mind could suggest, but without effect; at last however, he was heard to pronounce, with peculiar emphasis, the following words. "Why man, we shall have such fun as never was known; besides, we shall be as drunk every night as DAVID's sow." This argument was not to be withstood, it was

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irresistable

irresistable. The idea of being as drunk every night as "DAVID's sow," made so sensible, so forcible an impression on his mind, that all his former objections vanished in an instant, and he immediately swore he would share the delicious fun with him.

It is a notion strangely prevalent amongst a great part of mankind, that getting drunk together is the cement of friendship, and that it can by no means subsist without it. If a man has occasion to go abroad, let his business be ever so urgent or momentous, yet if he neglects to appoint a meeting at a tavern, and pay, what is called "his farewell", he must be branded as a pitiful fellow. I would, by no means, condemn the drinking a harmless glass together, if opportunity offered, it is laudable and harmless, when conducted with decency and order, and confined to the bounds of moderation. But alas! amongst toppers, there is no medium. If the master of the treat, does not "keep it up" until day-light, he is looked upon as one of a dastardly spirit. They imagine too, that they shall appear "dull rogues" unless they distinguish themselves by some extraordinary achievement. — Accordingly, some bright genius more enterprising than the rest, gives the signal in the true buck-stile "come, my  
bucks

bucks! let's kick up a dust"! smash goes the punch-bowl, and the whole apparatus on the table. Chairs, looking glasses, &c. are sacrificed as an offering to BACCHUS. After which, they all sally forth like a troop of banditti; perhaps a fiddler in the train, most miserably persecuting cat-gut, and may be said to act literally, in the character of ORPHEUS, making the beasts dance around him.

It is difficult to describe the various instance, of wit and genius displayed on these occasions. After having given sufficient proof of the harmony of their vocal powers, by voice-ferating in the highest key, they have recourse to muscular force. Carriages, carts, butcher's bulks, in a word, every moveable object in their way, is overturned; displaced, or broken. After having exhausted their more than Herculean rage, on these unresisting, harmless objects, they return in triumph, like so many CÆSARS or ALEXANDERS, and recount, over the concluding bowl, these unparallel'd nocturnal exploits; and compliment each other as droll geniuses, and infinite in facetiousness and humour.

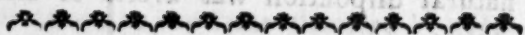
Is it not the most gross abuse of language, to call that man a "good fellow", who not only degrades himself below the brute creation, but

what is worse, endeavours by every artifice to reduce others to the same standard? He looks upon it as a magnificent exploit, when he has persuaded a poor, inoffensive, inexperienced man to overcharge himself with liquor,—your “good fellow”, will shake you by the hand, and tell you he loves you in his soul, when at the same time, his design is, to deprive you of the use of your reason; and will call you an unmannerly clown, if you decline drinking, till you fall beneath the table, that he may have the opportunity of indulging himself in a brutal laugh. These “good fellows,” are often what we call “good natured;” which gives them an opportunity of being more agreeable, and consequently more dangerous companions. Good nature, is an amiable quality, and naturally attracts our esteem; tho’ in fact it reflects no merit on the possessor, because it is entirely constitutional; yet the vulgar falsely attribute it as a merit in those who are by nature endued with it. When the physiognomist told SOCRATES, that the traits of his countenance, indicated him to be naturally prone to anger and drunkenness, the philosopher owned the justice of his remarks: yet (to his immortal honour be it spoken) this same SOCRATES exerted such fortitude that he triumphed over both these failings, and afterwards became the pattern of self-mortification, sobriety and placability.

cability. Now this was meritorious in a person whose natural disposition was averse to either of these virtues.

But what, in my opinion, renders drunkenness altogether inexcusable, is, because it is not a casual weakness, incident to mankind in general. The contrary is evident, and we need only appeal to facts to prove our assertion. — Are not youth in general, averse to inordinate drinking? Nay do not many of them confess, that after a hearty draught, they detest the taste of liquor? Nature retorts against it. Nature indeed, does invite to sensual enjoyments, but intemperance, is incompatible with her name: But men voluntarily become sots and drunkards thro' a mistaken notion of seeming manly; and falsely imagine, that sobriety and effeminacy, are inseparable — Art thou blest with a hale constitution? Has nature been liberal in bestowing upon thee, elegance of form? Has she “ diffused on thy cheek the rosy flush of health? ” Be thankful and humble: But wouldst thou preserve the blessing, and enjoy the bounties of nature? shun the forcerefs Intemperance. Let no Bacchanalian persuade thee that a blotched pimples face looks more masculine than a healthy florid countenance. Be not enamour'd with the appellation of “ good fellow”, but rather endeavour to merit the character of a “ good man.”





## THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY:

WITH REMARKS ON

DR. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise?  
Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars  
Too low to reach it; death, great death alone  
O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.---

YOUNG.

**S**HOULD the question be put, "whether or no is immortality a subject of the highest importance?" I doubt not but the considerate part of mankind would answer in the affirmative; yet we may observe that the generality of mankind pay little regard to the thought; they look upon such contemplations as matters out of their way; and that it does not belong to any but divines and sick persons to ponder much about them: When in fact, the securing to ourselves a happy immortality, is the sole cause why the Almighty gave us existence, and implanted in our natures strong sensations of pleasure and pain; in order to impress upon our minds striking ideas of the extreme misery of unremitting torture; as also the exquisite transport of pure and unmixed felicity.

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But still we must only esteem what we now conceive of the nature of pleasure and pain, but as faint imperfect images, in comparison with what the soul must experience, when disincumbered from this gross vehicle, which—"Blocks up the pass, and bars from real life."

It is equally as astonishing as it is lamentable, to reflect on the almost utter inattention of mankind, even men of sense, to those sublime thoughts, which alone, constitute man a rational being. When men are blest with an uninterrupted series of what we call, "the gifts of fortune," and their animal spirits elated and buoyed up with health and prosperity, they are but too apt to forget they are mortal. Serious reflections, they detest; all subjects that tend to mortify the vanity of the creature, are irksome to their ears; and of consequence studiously avoided. This is natural to the creaturely will; and if this world were the only state of existence, such a mode of proceeding is altogether compatible and consistent; but then when we take a survey of nature, and behold the greater part of the human species groaning under a complication of miseries, which their most vigorous efforts are never able to remove; men of candor and worth, struggling amidst innumerable difficulties which they are never

never able to surmount, while knaves are flaunting it in an exuberance of plenty, regaling themselves with the choicest gifts of nature; women of exalted virtue, pining in want and misery, while others of the most prodigate lives and manners, are revelling in all the luxury of sensual delights; we then have the strongest presumption to conclude, that we were formed for the participation of joys, joys essentially different from any thing that the sensual appetite ever partook of.—It were repugnant to the nature of things to suppose, that an omniscient God, (whose mercy is as infinite as his power,) should give existence to innumerable rational beings, and endue them with powers of perception that cannot be consummated in a state of mutability, unless it be granted that he has pre-ordained a state of future existence, where the soul may exert its most exalted powers of perception, and enjoy the full fruition of intellectual happiness. That we are endued with such powers of perception I hope no one will deny. This granted, it of consequence follows, that either there is a future state of existence, which will amply compensate for the toils of this life, and will furnish us with objects of contemplation for the most refined faculties of the mind; or that the deity has endued us with ideas of perception, which we would have been better without. The latter proposition, implies weakness and imperfection in the deity, and takes away

or

or destroys, one of his noblest attributes, which is, consummate wisdom and perfection. What is the reason that all the enjoyments of sense cannot give satisfaction to the rational mind? It is because the mind or soul, is immortal, and can not participate in the enjoyment of transitory things. Hence is the reason, that while we are in the full enjoyment of all the gifts of nature, the mind labours under a kind of uneasy restraint, and an involuntary sadness oppresses the soul.

The greatest satisfaction that the mind enjoys, is, the consciousness of having to the utmost of our power, discharged the duties of religion and morality. We receive a secret satisfaction after having in some measure, contributed to alleviate the distresses of our fellow creatures. The excellent pattern of the christian religion says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you; do ye even so to them;" were men universally to adopt this rule, we should have reason to hope, that the thoughts of immortality, would be a pleasing reflection; there would be no cause to dread entering into a state, which we had prepared ourselves for. It is from the consciousness of being unprepared for such a state, that we so studiously avoid thinking upon the subject. The trifling acquisitions, and transitory amusements,

ments, which are only to be purchased for a few fleeting years, at most, perhaps but for a few months, or days, almost engross our sole attention. Even the numerous instances of persons cut off in the midst of their scheming projects, and in the zenith of affluence, will not excite the surviving sons of care to look forward towards a state of more permanent happiness.

The present age has many advantages, which former ages were deprived of. The inhabitants of this nation in particular, are favoured with the peculiar indulgence of worshipping God, after such particular modes as seem most consistent to their understandings. We are not obliged to profess our belief in certain creeds, which we cannot thoroughly comprehend; or receive absolution from a weak mortal like ourselves. This, we are convinced, was the invention of crafty priests, who took the advantage of imposing on the credulity of people in those dark ages of ignorance and barbarism. But tho' we may make a specious pretence of having sufficiently exploded many of the most glaring superstitions of former ages; yet may we not have adopted certain tenets equally as ridiculous, tho' more dangerous?

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The common received notion of imputed righteousness is, in my opinion, a tenet of a dangerous consequence. Christ's death and sufferings cannot possibly be of the least service to us, or be imputed to us for righteousness, unless we are assiduous in imitating, to the utmost of our power, his blameless life and practice. If we imitate and copy his glorious pattern to the utmost of our abilities; then I believe his infinite love and mercy, will impute what we were not able to perform. But to suppose that righteousness will be imputed unto such as despise his councils, and reject his admonitions, is most absurd to imagine. Men are generally very sagacious and ingenious in forming estimates of the various degrees of merit proportionate to particular actions of men, whom they employ in offices of trust. Those who act with becoming dignity, and execute their commissions with fidelity, are entitled to rewards adequate to their deserts; and those who neglect the duties of their station, are branded with infamy and disgrace. This mode of proceeding, has always been considered as just and reasonable. May we not then very reasonably suppose that the deity was the first influencer of the minds of men, to dispense moral equity and justice? Thus, the principles of religion and morality illustrate and irradiate each other

other. If rewards and punishments be allowed in the moral world, and denied in a religious sense, it is evident we are shamefully partial to ourselves, and gross perverters of impartial justice. Many specious arguments have been used by men of abandoned principles and dissolute lives, to palliate guilt, and reconcile themselves to the practice of it. Nothing is more dangerous to society than when men of speculation and superior abilities, exercise their talents to the subversion of revealed religion, as HOBBS and BOLINGBROKE have done. But I very much question whether either of these gentlemen died in the principles of their profession. Men may brave it out to the world, and seem altogether invincible; but when sickness preys upon them, and depresses their spirits, they then begin to think upon a future state, and disavow their former erroneous principles, which they now find to be a miserable resource. The free thinker tells you that all the sin you can possibly commit in the short period of sixty or eighty years, does not merit eternal punishment; because, he says, the punishment is altogether inadequate to the crimes. Now I would gladly be informed by these connoisseurs in reasoning, whether a finite creature may be allowed to fix any criterion by which the infinite Jehovah may square his actions?

actions? May we presume to determine what degree of punishment is adequate to the transgression of his divine law, and acting in an avowed contempt to what is made manifest within us? It does not become a weak mortal to fix any bounds to the mercy or omnipotence of the deity; however, it does not appear reasonable that he should, as it were, force free agents into a state of felicity which they cannot be supposed to have the least taste or relish for. Those who have made the gratification of sensual enjoyments their sole delight, have as it were, altogether stifled the faculties of the soul, and excluded themselves from sharing in the sweets of intellectual pleasure. It has appeared pretty evident to me, that unless we subdue every inordinate passion, and mould our affections so as to glide in a current of tranquility, in a serene enjoyment of intellectual pleasures while here, we can have but a faint hope of our ever sharing them in any other state of existence.

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Learn ev'n now,  
To relish what alone subsists hereafter;  
Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever!

N. Thoughts No. 5.

I should be loath to insinuate that any species of writing is equal to the holy scriptures. They are the only writings which direct to that divine

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principle

principle in ourselves, which, if adhered to, would constitute our happiness in a state of immortality: but as this essay is not immediately addressed to such as frequently peruse the sacred oracles; I shall here beg leave to refer the men of taste in literature (for many of these esteem nothing that is not wrote in what they call “good language”) to read with attention Dr. YOUNG’S *Night Thoughts*; and not only read, but deliberately weigh the sentiments; for they convey more instruction to the intelligent reader, than volumes of sermons, which are but the fruits of barren speculation.

I think it will be allowed by all men of refined taste, that the *Night Thoughts*, is the noblest poem in the English, or perhaps in any other language. The works of HOMER have been, and are, held in the highest estimation by the admirers of learned paganism. But for my part, I am not ashamed to own (tho’ I should be said to want taste) that the *Illiad* and *Oddeffy*, appear trifling baubles to me, since I have perused the *Night Thoughts*. I am persuaded there is some reason on my side, when “I assert that to be the most noble and sublime, which points to the highest object which the soul of man can possibly aspire to.” It is certain that the TROJAN war

is

is recited with great energy of thought. The elegance of poetic diction is much to be admired. But then neither the character of HECTOR or ACHILLES, are proper patterns for a christian warrior. The shield of ACHILLES, whereon was engraven so many curious devices, heightened with all the graces of poetry. does not convey so exalted an idea to my mind, as the metaphorical expression of "the shield of faith." There is not in the whole book of the *Illiad*, any one sentence which (in my opinion) equals in point of sublimity, the Angel's salutation to the blessed virgin. "Hail thou that art highly favoured!" &c. A judicious critic, does not regard high sounding words so much as the idea or image conveyed to the mind. HOMER's description of the gods regaling themselves with ambrosia and nectar, and shaking the skies with loud peals of laughter, conveys but a grovelling idea of divinity, and favours strongly of absurdity and nonsense. As low images never disgust the mind so much as when contrasted with those of a sublime nature, we shall take the liberty of inserting the following lines from the *Night Thoughts*, where the author addresses the only true God in a style which strikes the mind with awe and veneration.

THOU, who didst put to flight  
Primæval silence, when the morning stars  
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;

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O THOU



O THOU ! whose word from solid darkness struck  
 That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;  
 My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,  
 As misers to their gold, while others rest

N. Thoughts No. 1

Afterwards, speaking of the dignity of the soul,  
 he expresses himself in the following exalted  
 strain.

“ A beam etherial, fully’d, and absorbt !  
 Tho’ fully’d and dishonour’d still divine ! ”

I know it has been urged by many, (and with  
 some shew of reason,) that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*  
 of HOMER, are not only excellent models of epic  
 poetry, but are also compleat systems of morality.  
 That HOMER’s ingenuity in embodying of the  
 virtues and vices, and even the passions; not  
 only affords great pleasure to the mind in the  
 perusal, but at the same time dispences good  
 moral precepts.

Were the world involved in pagan darkness,  
 this alegorical method of conveying instruction,  
 would seem altogether necessary, and even salu-  
 tary ; but as we have a more excellent system of  
 moral instructions, given us by one who is much  
 greater than HOMER ; it appears to me as greatly  
 derogating from our duty, as accountable  
 creatures

creatures who are favoured with such clear views of true substantial virtue, to prefer this heathen author, as being the most sublime of all others.

Neither do I approve of the method of making use of HOMER's *Illiad* as a proper book for schools. The flexible minds of youth are always ready to receive any impression; and I cannot forbear concluding, that when young persons are not only suffered, but encouraged, to fill their heads with romantic notions of gods and goddesses, with horrid devastations and bloody carnage; it must greatly militate against their making any progress in the christian duties. When youth are almost continually employed in reading scenes of desolation and slaughter, it conspires greatly to harden their hearts, at the very time when the seeds of tenderness and compassion ought to be sown, and cultivated with all possible care and solicitude. — Those persons who are arrived at a mature age, may indeed pursue not only this, but many other books of a worse tendency without adopting the sentiments; but youth cannot do so. They want both judgment and experience; their minds are easily contaminated, especially when the subject of their admiration is artfully contrived, and couched in elegant poetry. It is certain that the poetry of HOMER is beautiful, and that the translator was

equal to the task; but I think he might have employed his time better, tho' he acquired great fame, with an additional pecuniary advantage. But this almost unbounded generosity of my countrymen, in so amply rewarding the author for this translation, did but the more conspicuously betray the degeneracy of mankind, who are always ready to patronize any performance that soothes the passions, and lulls them into a pleasing lethargy. But when a subject is brought upon the carpet, that strikes at the root of licentiousness and impiety, it generally meets with a cool reception; and tho' the language be ever so poignant, many are content to remain ignorant of its intrinsic merit. rather that by reading it, suffer those strong convictions, which are the first steps to a reformation. I believe there are many who (rather than be thought to want taste) are willing to praise Dr. YOUNG's *Night Thoughts*, and take the merit of the poem upon credit.

The dramatical works of SHAKESPEAR, seem at present, the only writings in repute, and numerous pens have undertaken to point out their peculiar excellences. The passions of men were of late, raised to that height of enthusiasm, as to celebrate a jubilee to his memory, at STAFORD  
upon

upon Avon, where our English Roscius triumphed over their fanaticism, and amassed good store into his own coffers.

The celebration of this jubilee, bears great analogy, in my opinion, to the solemn ceremony at the coronation by ENGLAND'S champion, or the more renowned exploits of DON QUIXOTE — That SHAKESPEAR has a most irresistible power and influence over the passions, is most certain; and for that very reason his writings are dangerous, and have been hurtful to many. Let any one of SHAKESPEAR'S warmest votaries tell me in his cooler moments, if he has ever received any real benefit or improvement, either from the perusal, or exhibition of his plays? Do they not enflame the passions, rather than "mend the heart?" Pray what edifying moral is to be gathered either from the madness of a RICHARD, or the romantic passion of a ROMEO? It is not my intention to comment largely upon the various dramatic productions, calculated to amuse the mind, and divert us from the main point for which we were created; but I shall leave that for some abler pen to discuss; yet methinks it were a pity that SHAKESPEAR'S plays should be so universally read, admired, applauded, nay almost deified; while Dr. YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*  
(which

(which have much more merit) are seldom looked into, nay scarcely mentioned.—It may be objected, that Dr. YOUNG himself wrote several dramatic pieces,—’tis granted he did: But I dare be bold to affirm, that he repented of it when he wrote the *Night Thoughts*; at least I think so: as the following lines do not appear to be any eulogium on the utility of dramatic exhibitions, but rather a severe sarcasm on the folly of mankind.

“ As some bold plunderers for burry’d wealth

“ We ranfack tombs for pastime: from the dust

“ Call up the sleeping hero: bid him tread

“ The scene for our amusement: how like gods

“ We sit; and wrapt in immortality,

“ Shed gen’rous tears on wretches born to die,

“ Their fate deploring to forget our own!”

N. Thoughts No. 9.

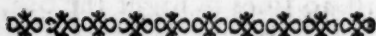
The *Night Thoughts*, may, with justice, be termed a compleat system of religion and morality. There is not a religious duty, but what is weightily enforced; nor a folly or absurdity in life but what is admirably pourtrayed and censured in this incomparable poem. And, as the poetical reader is most delighted with tropes and figures; he may here find such variety, as is scarcely to be found in any other poem in our language. As a specimen of which, let him

read



read the first 39 lines in night the 6th, which contain a strong picture of a lingering sickness; where the figures are so numerous, so apt, and striking, that the reader will be at a loss whether more to admire, the poet or the moralist. But the last night, *The Consolation*, crowns the whole, and would of itself, entitle him the noblest poet that ever wrote in the English language. The sublimity of thought displayed through this piece, is really astonishing. His poem of *The last Day*, (so admired by some) does, in my opinion, fall short of this. I will not assert that it does, as no man is without his peculiar prejudices; but, if we have any skill in poetry, *The Consolation* has more poetical merit. If youth would, at leisure hours, peruse the *Night Thoughts* instead of the *Illiad*, I am persuaded, we should soon perceive a remarkable improvement both in their taste, and in their morals. I know these remarks will not please the classical reader, nor the present state of times; but they are my sincere sentiments, and if they, in any degree, contribute to instruct a few well disposed minds, my end is accomplished, and my conscience acquitted.

A SKETCH



A SKETCH OF THE  
CHARACTER OF SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

There is no kind of writing, which I think instructs and entertains more, than that kind of biography, which treats impartially of the lives and actions of men who have been eminent in their day, and whose whole transactions have reflected honour on themselves and on human nature. What encouragement to the well-disposed mind (that seems emulous to persevere in the paths of virtue, and transmit their names unsullied to posterity) to read the pious life of the justly celebrated Mr LOCKE. The awe of his good sense, supported with virtue, struck terror to the minds of the most profligate and abandoned! The steadiness of his reproofs were not to be withstood: They carried conviction along with them. The consciousness of his superior virtue, gave weight to his arguments, and was more efficacious to the reforming of men's manners, than volumes of sermons, which are but the product of elaborate study and refined speculation.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, late of WARRINGTON, tho' a Quaker, was an honour to humanity

manity, and ought to be placed among the principle men who have graced the British annals. Tho' he never signalized himself in the field of MARS, nor sought to adorn his brow with sanguinary laurels; yet he was a staunch veteran (if I may so speak) and noble warrior, though under a different, far different banner: The prince of which, gives not his heroes the laurel, but in its stead, a much more glorious reward: "the palm which withers not, but blooms eternal."

The public character of Mr FOTHERGILL's natural and acquired abilities, are, I presume, so well known and admired, that a detail of them wou'd, at this time, appear superfluous and unnecessary. I shall sum them up in the words of SENECA, when speaking of DEMETRIUS; "he was a man of of an exact judgment, steady to his purpose; and of a strong eloquence, not finical in his words but his sense was masculine and vehement. He was so qualified in his life and discourse, that he served both for an example and a reproach."

It may be truly said of him, that he was eloquent without seeming conscious of it; hence there never appeared the least ostentation in his manner; nor, as he always felt those glorious truths

truths he uttered, he had not occasion to have recourse to those effeminate rhetorical flourishes with the hand, and ridiculous distortions of the body; no — He had an emphasis peculiar to himself, and more forcible than any other I ever heard, tho' I am pretty certain he never practised in his closet, as many of our modern rhetoricians are not ashamed to own they do; tho' that very confession, proves them to be only speculative declaimers, and no true ministers of the gospel.

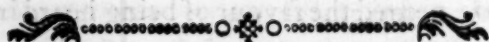
I shall relate an anecdote of Mr. FOTHERGILL, which may serve as a corroborating proof of what I have advanced in his favour, and give the reader an idea of the almost irresistible force of his arguments.—Being on his travels, in the south of ENGLAND, he alighted at an inn, where he accidentally fell in company with a profligate attorney, who was not more noted for his wickedness, than for an uncommon turn for that kind of frothy railing, which the vulgar and illiterate, term wit. Having now as he imagined, met with a proper object, on whom he might play off his whole artillery of repartees and bon-mots, he began to open his budget and proceed to action. — After having spent near an hour, and shot every barbed dart of pointed satire, Mr. FOTHERGILL, who had listened all the while with that kind of attention which we pay to children's diversions,

diversions, desired the favour of being heard in turn; when to the shame and confusion of this bon-mot manufacturer (as he afterwards confessed) he painted the ridiculousness and absurdity of his behaviour, in such apt images and lively colours, interlarding his discourse with such mild admonitions; that he who had harrangued with such facility for near an hour before, was now reduced to that dilemma, that he was unable to answer one word in his own defence.—The result was, that he ever after held **Mr. FOTHERGILL** in the highest veneration, and listened to his excellent discourses with the most profound attention.

Such characters as these, are highly worthy of imitation, and their lives ought to be recorded, for the benefit of posterity.







## T H O U G H T S

ON THE PLEASURE AND ADVANTAGES RE-  
SULTING FROM THE PERUSAL OF AUTHEN-  
TIC HISTORY,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND. †

**I**T is somewhat extraordinary, my friend, that so many persons who are tolerable scholars, and have no small share of understanding, should, at the same time, entertain so great an aversion to reading. And more unaccountable it still appears, when we know, that many of them have no necessary vocations to employ their attention. What can be the cause of this voluntary supineness? Is it because reading is thought irksome and tedious? Is not company and conversation allowed to be the most rational entertainment? To creatures who are endued with the faculty of speech, it should seem so. — This granted, it of consequence follows, that entertaining and instructive discourses, are preferable to all other amusements. Can men be entertained and pleased

† The substance of this letter was actually written in an epistle to a friend, about two years ago. And as he was pleased to express his approbation of the sentiments; they are here given, with some small additions and amendments.

fed with a reciprocal communication of trifling incidents, and find no amusement in the rehearsal of interesting and momentous events?

If any should be so short sighted as to urge, that those circumstances that fall within our immediate observation, are sufficient for us to know, I must own his ideas are very contracted. It is by setting before our eyes the transactions of former ages, and the events consequent thereon, that we are enabled to form any just notion of the rectitude of human actions. Precepts would loose their force, unless strengthened by a long succession of facts that prove their utility. There is not in my opinion, a greater pleasure, or a more rational amusement, than the perusal of authentic history; especially that of our own country. The history of this nation, affords many benefits and amusements, which, tho' obvious to the intelligent mind, are not considered by every one. Some few of them I shall here briefly mention.

I shall first instance one truth which our history emphatically impresses upon the mind, which is this. That pride and superstition, have ever been the occasion of all those horrid persecutions and massacres, that reflect such dishonour on the

annals of our isle. And it is almost unnecessary to add, that ignorance has always given rise to, and nourished superstition.

When monarchs became despots, and uncontrollable power was vested in the hands of a few individuals, those in subordination became mere vassals in the strictest sense of the word. Those individuals, in whom the sole power was invested, made use of every possible means to maintain their superiority; and they hit upon the most effectual ones. They took care to monopolize to themselves all the learning of the times, and totally deprived the common people of the least ray of science. Thus awed by their authority, kept in ignorance thro' their policy, and struck with the apparent solemnity of the rites they enjoined them, it is no wonder that they should become the executors of the greatest enormities.

Miserable must be that religion that has ambition and avarice for its basis, while ignorance and superstition constitute the superstructure. But when learning was encouraged, and began to flourish, under the auspices of the ever glorious Queen ELIZABETH, superstition began to vanish to its native clime; for, when learning began to diffuse its rays, ignorance and superstition could find no asylum in this nation. When public

lic schools were erected, when men were permitted to read books of religion and morality, they soon acquired the method of distinguishing betwixt right and wrong; began to examine for themselves, and to contradistinguish between that principle that works by love, and that which maintains its supremacy by fire and sword.

It must be acknowledged, that we owe much to those learned and ingenious men, whose writings contributed so much to strengthen us in the belief of the superiority of that religion, that enjoins us nothing but what is ratified by the concurrence of our own consciences. Without these aids and assistances, men in general, would have made but very little proficiency in speculative knowledge. The reliques of superstition imbibed in their infancy, together with many traditional rites, that, from the seeming mysteries they contained, would have been difficult to surmount, and would have greatly retarded the progress of real knowledge.

What an unspeakable benefit does that country enjoy, where the rays of science are universally diffused, compared with those where learning is confined within the mouldy walls of a cloyster; where it is too frequently exercised to oppress the simple and undesigning.—It has been a received maxim with some, and has always been adopted

by tyrants and despots in every age, that it is entirely inconsistent with the true policy of any nation, to encourage learning amongst the common people; that it only contributes to corrupt and effeminate the mind. But this is wretched sophistry, and only calculated to serve base purposes. despotic princes know, that when men's understandings are cultivated, and their ideas are enlarged, they will not submit to the haughty menaces of a tyrant, but will make use of some expedient to depose him. But a wise and virtuous prince is sensible, that the cultivation of knowledge, is the only means to give his subjects a proper sense of the duty they owe to a sovereign, who is the father of his people; and of the beauty, order, and regularity of a well-concerted government.

There are many excellent precepts to be drawn from the annals of our country, highly beneficial to mankind in general, and to youth in particular. Does not the life and death of Cardinal WOLSEY, convey a striking lesson of the folly of attempting to rise to wealth and power by acts of cruelty and oppression? This prelate, when he could no longer enjoy the splendour of affluence; when he was deserted by his former sycophants, and left to brood over the terrors of his own conscience; wished he had filled some less conspi-

CUOUS



cuous department in life. He wanted that only resource which will be of service when the world has left us, "the consciousness of having one our duty."

The life and reign of the wise and accomplished queen ELIZABETH, furnishes us with an incontestible proof, that wisdom, power, and popularity, are not sufficient to shield us from those calamities incident to human nature.

When we survey that great Queen making her public entry into the metropolis, amidst the acclamations of a joyous multitude, we view royalty in the most flattering point of light. In the eyes of short sighted mortals, there was the appearance of nothing but an uninterrupted succession of joys; liberty of conscience, peace, love, unanimity and unmixed felicity. But alas! the subsequent part of her reign, was pregnant with a series of unforeseen occurrences, of an alarming and disagreeable nature. All the wisdom and sagacity she was mistress of, was found little enough to support her amidst those perplexities she was to encounter with. In a word, the great ELIZABETH, who shone in wisdom and learning; who figured in oratory, whose prudence and sagacity rendered her name formidable thro' all EUROPE; at last fell a prey to the violence of a blind passion.

There

There are other advantages that may be attained from the perusal of historical events; which tho' of an inferior nature, are not altogether unworthy of our notice.

May we not discover the falacy of that injudicious remark so frequently introduced by persons of morose tempers and narrow minds, "that the world increases in cruelty and wickedness." Is any axiom in the mathematics more self-evident, than that this present age is more refined than any prior aera that can be found in our annals? The almost universal diffusion of learning thro' this nation in particular, the knowledge of the justice and equity of those laws which protect its rights; and the good sense, candour, and impartiality of its chief members; confirms every considerate person of their great utility, and how essentially necessary such laws are, for the preservation of the properties of every subject.

Were I to recount all the inferior advantages that may be derived from the perusal of authentic history, I should swell my letter to an enormous bulk. Those already mentioned, are, I should imagine, of sufficient weight to excite the inquisitive mind to search after such useful knowledge.

There

There are many excellent and judiciously compiled histories of ENGLAND. I know not which I should most recommend. But for persons who have not leisure to peruse voluminous works of this kind, I think those histories that contain all the most material and momentous events, without descending into relations of minute circumstances, are most to be recommended.

SMOLLET's *History of England* has great merit, in regard to the elegance and perspicuity of the style; but for persons who are in private stations in life, and want to be acquainted with the most important events in the history of this kingdom, without being at the trouble of following the historian thro' a long chain of historical events, and political disquisitions, which perplex the mind of the reader, I would rather recommend RUSSEL's *History of England*, now publishing in weekly numbers. It is not swelled with tedious digressions of the author's; which, if not very judiciously and ingeniously written, rather disgust than entertain; as they anticipate our own reflections, which constitute great part of the pleasure resulting from the perusal of authentic history.

What is the reason that fables have always been so well received, but because there is a compliment paid to the reader's judgment, in supposing

sing him capable of making the application? When history abounds with a variety of interesting and important events, and is written with candour and impartiality; it affords a fund of rational entertainment. Many inferences may be drawn from history highly beneficial to ourselves, and of universal utility to society in general.

By what means can man acquire knowledge, but by increasing the number of his ideas? This circumstance considered, we shall find, that men do not differ so much in sense as in knowledge. There are many illiterate men who are endued with strong faculties, and only want cultivation and improvement, to render their names of some consequence in the world. People in this age, need not be at a loss for rational entertainment, if they will only make use of the means which nature and education has favoured them with; and I think, that authentic history affords as much entertainment and instruction, as any other species of composition.

THOUGHTS



## T H O U G H T S

### ON BERKLEY'S PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. †

**I**N all ages of the world, especially in the last three centuries, there have been particular whimsical geniuses who, that they might appear wiser than the rest of mankind; have adopted and endeavoured to propogate, strange systems; have, by dint of mere words and sounds, set up pompous fabricks of subtile inconsistencies and stamped them with the specious appellation of philosophy. Among this class of ingenious speculativists, hath been ranked the famous BERKLEY, author of the *Essay on the principles of human knowledge*." A work highly applauded by men of the same singularity of disposition with himself. I have no particular aversion to BERKLEY as a man, but I look upon his essay, as a piece of enthusiastic stuff not to be swallowed by any intelligent man, who possesses the proper use of his reason.

The purport of his book, after many circumlocutions, amounts to neither more nor less than this, "that there is no such thing as material substance

†For farther remarks and arguments on this subject, see the London Magazine for January, 1776.



substance. That mountains, trees, fruits, stones, vegetables &c, are only figures made palpable to the senses, but that in reality, they are immaterial, and do not exist independant of the mind." According to this system, NEWTON, LOCKE, and others have spent much time and labour in investigating the properties of material substances, to little purpose.—Whatever the patrons of this bishop may think, surely the names of NEWTON and LOCKE, will be transmitted with honour to the latest posterity, when that of BERKLEY will be forgotten. Tho' the advocates of this strange system, are incapable of advancing the least argument in support of it, they will tell you that it appears very clear and evident to them, and that your prejudice keeps you in ignorance. This is always the evasion of those who have more conceit than understanding, and who would have mankind look upon them as prodigies in wisdom, and the occult sciences. But tho' they may have the suffrages of the illiterate and unthinking, they will ever appear false reasoners by men who examine for themselves, and form their opinions on reason and common-sense, rather than on what an enthusiast may think proper to assert. It was always held up as an undeniable truth, among the fathers of the Romish church, " that the consecrated bread and wine, was the real identical

identical essence of the body and blood of **CHRIST**; and that it was damnable heresy to make the least doubt of its being orthodox."

**BERKLEY** on the other extreame, wants to make us believe "that there is not in reality, either bread or wine; that it is mere delusion to say, that they exist independant of being perceived, or even then, save only in idea of the mind.

To support this subtle hypothesis, observe this sage example,

"I am in a garden—This is a cherry, I see it, I perceive its figure, colour, &c. I pluck it. I now feel its substance. I taste it, and even relish its acid." Or (to speak in **Berklian** terms) I have the idea or sensation of acid. Now take from this cherry, its figure, colour, substance, and acid, and you then annihilate the cherry." A learned and judicious discovery, and worthy of the immortalized **BERKLEY**!

To what does all this amount? Truly to this. "That the universe is an astonishing series of wonders, a complication of infinite variety! Each department has its peculiar properties and did exist before me or any of my pany race had any being. Their nature and properties are in a great measure hid from me: But I know of a certainty that they exist. But should the creator take away those properties by which I distinguish them, he annihilates the whole."

S

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 Jekel Walker  
 Jacob Wattson  
 Jer. Wherlings  
 John Wanop  
 Daniel Wilson  
 Robert Waugh  
 C. Wilkinson  
 Isaac Wilson  
 M. Wilkinson  
 James Walker  
 Benjamin Wilson  
 John Walker James

|                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| James Wilfon           | John Wilfon         |
| Rich. Wordsworth jun.  | A. Whitwell         |
| Joseph White           | H. Walmsley         |
| Daniel Walker          | William Wilkie      |
| William Wood           | Edward Wilton       |
| T. Williamson          | Robert Whitehead    |
| T. Wetherale           | William Wilkin      |
| I. Westmorland         | Rev. Mr. Williamson |
| John Wright            | Thomas Wilton       |
| John Whaley            | Joseph Watton       |
| J. Whitfield 2 copies  | George White        |
| Joshua Wattfon         | Joseph Westgarth    |
| Jacob Wattfon          | Daniel Wane         |
| R. Winfield Esq.       | John Wilkinson      |
| John Wilfon Limner     |                     |
| John Wilfon            |                     |
| Rev. John Wilfon M. A. |                     |
| John Wakefield         | —— Yeates Esq.      |

Two hundred and upwards, were not anxious of having their names inserted, which for brevity's sake, are omitted.

F I N I S.

# ERRATA.

Page 12 line 3 for *a eager* read *eager*. p. 16  
 l. 10 for *pegeantry* r. *pageantry*. p. 31 l. 10 for *tender fibres* r. *fibres*. p. 31 l. 14 for *maiancholy* r. *melancholy*. p. 33 l. 11 for *mead* r. *mead*. p. 35 l. 8  
 for *pegeant* r. *pageant*. p. 38 l. 11 for *whataver* r. *whatever*. 39 l. 3 for *play d* r. *ply'd*. p. 42 l. 1 for *salar* r. *solar*. p. 48 l. 5 for *thee* r. *the*. l. 6 for *boasts* r. *boast st*. page 65 line 4 for *coarse* r. *corse*. p. 68 l. 13 for *lih'd* r. *lain'd*. p. 90 l. 28 for *Colcondo's* r. *Golconda's*. p. 91 l. 9 for *fire* r. *fre*. p. 95 l. 4 for *licentiousnes* r. *licentiousness*. p. 97 l. 10 for *illtierate* r. *illiterate*. p. 111 l. 24 for *deserves* r. *deserve*. p. 119 l. 28 for *noun sup* r. *noun soup*. p. 137 l. 2 for *lines* r. *line*. p. 139 l. 27 for *proneness* r. *prowness* p. 143 l. 16 for *off* r. *of* p. 149 l. 9 for *text* r. *next*. l. 26 for *fail* r. *fall*. p. 154 l. 20 for *intelligent* r. *intelligent*. p. 165 l. 11 for *enjoy* r. *enjoys*. p. 174 l. 10 for *lethergy* r. *lethargy*. p. 179 l. 8 for *irristable* r. *irresistible*. l. 17 for *edising* r. *edifying*.

